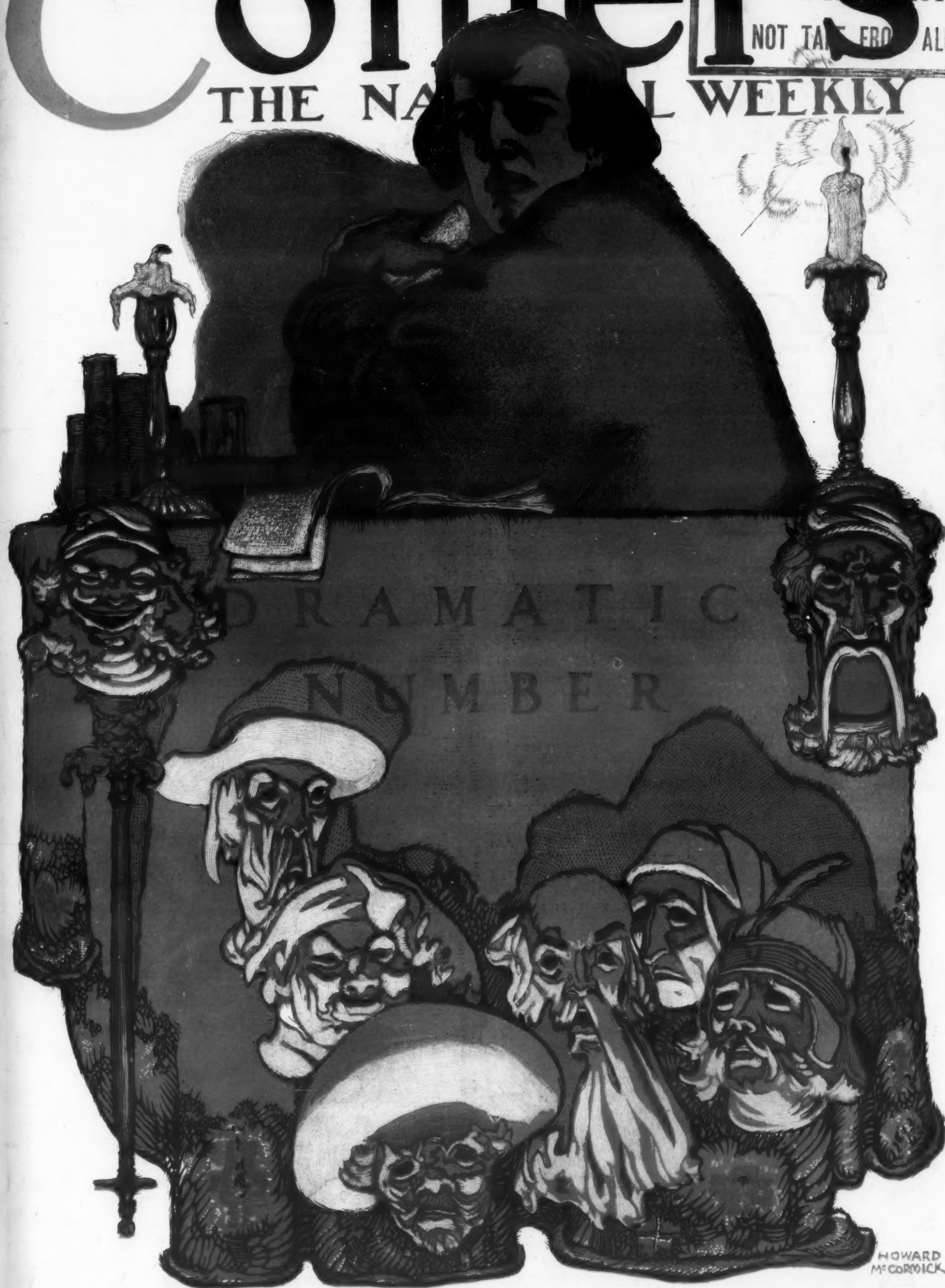


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
NOT TAKEN FROM ALUMNI R



HOWARD
MCCORNICK



While the Fire is Low

A hot breakfast in a cozy warm room starts one right for the day. A cold dining room spoils the enjoyment of the meal. The dining room or any room in the house can be heated in a few minutes with a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

For instance, you could light it in your bed-room to dress by, then carry it to the dining room, and by the time the coffee is ready, the room is warm. Impossible to turn it too high or too low—never smokes or smells—gives intense heat for 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.

The **Rayo Lamp** is the best lamp for all-round household purposes. Gives a clear, steady light. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved central draft burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp guaranteed.

If you cannot get heater and lamp at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)



Remarkable Photographs

In announcing stories, articles, and other features of special interest, COLIER'S has probably not given the just measure of emphasis to its remarkable photographs, illustrating the weekly record of the world's important events.

Seven-eighths of the photo-artist's skill consists in "being there when it happens." No photographer in the entire world has become more noted for this particular part of his profession than James H. Hare. In war times he manages to get where the fighting is thickest, even between the lines. His photographs of the Spanish War and of the Russo-Jap War are more spectacular, more real, than any history written in words could possibly be.

In peace Mr. Hare is never at rest. No important event

is so distant but that he finds a way to get there and make photographs. The more remarkable those events may be, the more certain he is of getting them in his camera. Whether "shooting" airships from the earth or the earth from an airship, whether facing a turbulent mob of strikers or perching in solitary peril upon the "spider-web" framework of some new structure—the story of this remarkable photographer's adventures in quest of pictures would thrill the most unromantic.

Through the success of this daring photographer, COLIER'S is enabled to publish week by week photographs enabling its readers practically to see events which could otherwise be only faintly described by written words.

This department of COLIER'S has become justly celebrated.

JIMMIE HARE WAS ON THE SPOT
Collier's Photographer on Hand to Take Picture of the Wreck.
The only professional photographer "on the job" at Fort Myer yesterday when the tragic airplane accident occurred was "Jimmie" Hare, of Collier's Weekly, who has the happy faculty of always being on hand just when he should be. "The Hare luck," he calls it.
Mr. Hare was in Washington on the day Mr. Wright made his first flight three weeks ago and obtained a series of photographs at that time. He went back to New York that night, and did not return until last Monday, when he expected to take a few more snapshots and hasten back to the metropolis again.
He remained here until yesterday waiting for the high winds to die down, in order that a flight might be made. When the accident occurred he was at the upper end of the field with his camera slipped across his back. He had already snapped the machine several times as it circled over him.
When the airplane struck the ground he started to run. Being small, wiry and extremely active, he was one of the first score of persons to reach the wrecked machine, and he took a dozen pictures within a few minutes after having satisfied himself that there were enough persons present to lend all the assistance to the injured men that was needed. He left for New York again last night.
"I guess it was the Hare luck again," he said just before he took his train. "There really wasn't any special reason why I should have come down here again. My first pictures were pretty good. When I was over in Manchuria, during the Russo-Japanese war, I used to saunter out for a walk or take a bit of a horse-back ride, and before I'd know it I had run flush into some doings that made corking good stuff for photographs. It wasn't due to any cleverness on my part. It was just crazy luck, that's all."

Washington Post, Sept. 18.

Three Great Stories

THE CUB REPORTER — By Rex E. Beach

(Our Fiction Editors call this the strongest story of the year.) To all the mystery of a swift detective story is added the warm human qualities of an attractive boyish hero. It will rank as one of the few perfect newspaper stories—all motion and speed like newspaper life itself. It is a story that falls into place with Richard Harding Davis's "Gallagher" and Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story."

McGENNIS'S PROMOTION—By Rowland Thomas

With a vivid story-telling gift the author has effectively dramatized "The White Man's Burden" and expressed it in human terms. He pictures the natives, part devil and part child, reaching out beseeching hands to the strong White Man who is in charge of their little cross-section of chaos, and when the call comes to him to go to a larger job his people are broken-hearted. But most broken-hearted are the tiny girls whom he has been teaching and to whom he has been telling stories.

HE ALSO SERVES—By O. Henry

A tale of a heathen god, dead and turned to stone, who comes to life as his beloved approaches. The scene is laid in a ruined temple on a far-off island, and has an undertone of romance and dead religions—and yet it is told in Bowery cocktail slang. It gives the effect of a funeral march played on a banjo. It is just one more of O. Henry's perfect stories, wherein he strikes the bull's-eye while he is looking the other way and shooting over his left shoulder.

Illustrated by noted artists, these stories will be published complete in the November Fiction Number, issued October 31, and on sale everywhere during the entire month of November for Ten Cents.



Collier's

The National Weekly



Paint Your Buggy Now DO IT YOURSELF

The finish of a vehicle is worn and shabby from constant summer use. The rains and mud, snow, ice and frost of winter are the most severe strain on its durability. Now is the time to protect and beautify your vehicles, to prevent rust and decay and prolong their life and usefulness. As a simple matter of economy you should repaint. It costs only a trifle and anyone can do it. The result is a handsome carriage-gloss finish in rich colors or black.

Neal's Carriage Paint

ACME QUALITY

is for buggies, vehicles of all kinds (including baby's carriage) row-boats, flower stands—anything indoors or out requiring a brilliant, durable finish. Wagons, implements, wheelbarrows, lawn-settees—dozens of things about the home and farm should be protected from moisture, rust and decay during the winter months.

There are five strong reasons for fall house painting. Ask us.

The Acme Quality Text Book contains many suggestions for home beautifying and explains fully how to accomplish the best results in all sorts of painting, varnishing, staining and enameling. Write for it. **IT'S FREE**

Complete Catalog and Details of our Selling Helps for Retail Dealers on Request.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Dept. P, Detroit, Michigan.

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living





SOCIETY BRAND Clothes are considered the height of perfection in modern dress for Young Men and Men who stay Young. Characteristic lines giving a dignified, gentlemanly appearance.

Made in Chicago by
Alfred Decker & Cohn
Sold through the better clothiers

Society Brand

**Banking
by Mail**

with
The
Cleveland
Trust Company
CLEVELAND OHIO

Capital & Surplus
\$5,000,000

The able conservative management of this bank during the past 12 years has won for it the confidence of more than seventy thousand depositors.

Send today for book "R" describing our system of handling out of town accounts.

4 Per Cent Interest



**THE KADY
SUSPENDER**

is essentially a gentleman's suspender. Worn by men who are a bit particular about their wearing apparel. No useless cords or pulleys.

Concealed from view in the back is the patented

DOUBLE CROWN ROLLER which adjusts itself to the slightest motion, and allows free and easy movement of the body in any position.

THE KADY is made to a beautiful variety of webbing. For holiday gifts they may be had in handsome individual boxes, all ready for mailing.

Price 30 and 50 cents a pair. Ask the best haberdasher in town. If he has not the colors or patterns you want—write us. You will find it worth while. Booklet free.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
1020 North Park St.
Hansfield, Ohio, U.S.A.

Collier's

Saturday, October 24, 1908



Cover Design Drawn and Engraved on Wood by Howard McCormick

The American Fleet at Melbourne. Photographs	4
Editorials	5
Don Quixote Poem	6
Taft and Bryan Meet. Photograph	7
The Oregon Senatorship	7
Mr. Hearst's Thieves	8
Philadelphia's 225th Birthday Pageantry. Photographs	10
At Elsinore. Poem	11
On a Certain Ingratitude in Critics	11
The Deciding Game	12
The All-America Baseball Team	13
Plays and Players	14
Writing and Playwriting	15
The Theatrical Rest Cure. Poem	15
Peter's Play. Story	16
The Sere-and-Melo-Drama	18
Coincidental Coincidences	21

Volume XLII Number 5

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 415-424 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. For sale also by the International News Company, 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Ont., 47-51 King St. West. Copyright 1908 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1895, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

BALTIMORE, MD.

Hotel Belvedere A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall. \$2.00 a day up.

BOSTON, MASS.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. booklet on request.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES? CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL 195 W. 103d Street. Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$2.00 daily and up. WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET 5 FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Broadway Central Hotel. Only N. Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A. P. \$2.50. E. P. \$1. 35th St., bet. Broadway and Fifth Ave. Quiet. Refined. Suitable for Ladies unaccompanied. Rates, \$2.50 and up with bath.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Savoy Hotel "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. English grill. \$1 up.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hotel Driscoll Fronting U.S. Capitol and Park. Near points of interest. New, modern. Free baths. E. P. \$1.00. A. P. \$2.50. Send for booklet.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hotel Richmond 17th and H Sts., near White House. Modern. A. & E. Plans. 100 rooms. 50 baths. Ask Collier's. Booklet mailed. Clifford M. Lewis.

CANADA

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial Metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free "Bus to all Trains." H. L. Stephens, Prop.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up to date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

HEALTH RESORTS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic methods. Two hundred kinds of baths: large indoor swimming pools, palm garden, electricity, massage. Swedish movements, mechanical vibration, delicious un-equaled health cuisine, trained nurses. Delightful dining room on top floor. Luxurious modern appointments. Perfect warmth. Invigorating Michigan climate, six hundred feet above sea level. The ideal place to rest, recuperate, and build up permanent health. Beautiful Souvenir Portfolio FREE. Box 73. Battle Creek, Mich.

BILOXI, MISS.

Gulf Coast Health Resort For the sick, convalescent or weary. Airy rooms; sea-breezes and sunshine. Write for pamphlet.

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

Hotel Rider America's foremost "All the Year" Health, Recreation and Rest Resort. Medicinal Min'l Waters. Sanitarium Treatments. Delightful surroundings. Acc. 600. Both plans. Reasonable rates.

If you are going to visit New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, San Francisco, or any other large city, let us furnish you, free of charge, information regarding the Hotels that would probably suit you best.
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, 420 W. 13th Street, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL TOURS
Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished upon request by
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
420 W. 13th Street, New York

Winter Cruises To Summer Lands

To the ORIENT, MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, EGYPT and the NILE, HOLY LAND, WEST INDIES, PANAMA CANAL, ETC.

Comprehensive Itineraries. Splendid Cruising Steamers. Attractive Rates.

"MOLTKE" Orient Cruise 80 days—\$300 upward

Leave January 25, 1909

"OCEANA" West Indies Cruises 30 days—\$150 upward

Leave January 23 and February 27, 1909

Send for our new illustrated book giving full particulars

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway New York

The GLORIOUS ORIENT

Leisurely travel, personal escort. Small party, exclusive arrangements.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

326 Fifth Ave., New York
308 Washington St., Boston
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC" To THE ORIENT

February 4 to April 16, 1909

Seventy-one days, costing only \$400.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 Days in Egypt and the Holy Land. Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc.

Cruise Round the World, October 16, 1909

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, NEW YORK

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE Special offer to organizers of private parties for our high grade Tours.

THE EAGER TOURS, 305 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

INTELLIGENT and PROFITABLE TRAVEL requires expert and scholarly guidance. Let us write you of our leaders and of our itineraries.

Bureau of University Travel, 19 Trinity Place, Boston, Mass.

I AM THE MOVING PICTURE MAN



I will start Men and Women in the Moving Picture Business

at nominal cost—sell them the machine and outfit, and give them every assistance to make the business prosperous. It is a golden opportunity, the biggest paying business for the amount invested in the world, so simple and easily maintained that any one may embark in it with my aid.

Write me at once for my free book "How to Start a Moving Picture Business."

Laemmle Film Service

Carl Laemmle, President
Dept. 10, 196-198 Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

DOLCEOLA A Miniature Grand Piano



Played with keys like a piano and having a similar action.

The Dolceola is the only unusual instrument ever invented that has been demanded and sold in nearly every country upon the globe, the first year it was on the market.

It is endorsed by leading musicians everywhere, as well as by the nobility of Europe.

FROM A MUSICAL AUTHORITY OF NEW YORK:—"I consider it an instrument of great merit. It will be of great assistance in preparing beginners for the piano."—Albert Gerard-Thiers.

Chas. K. Harris, author of "After the Ball," says: "My children are learning it without an instructor."

The Princess of Teuberg Darmstadt, Germany, says: "I have received the Dolceola, and am delighted with it."

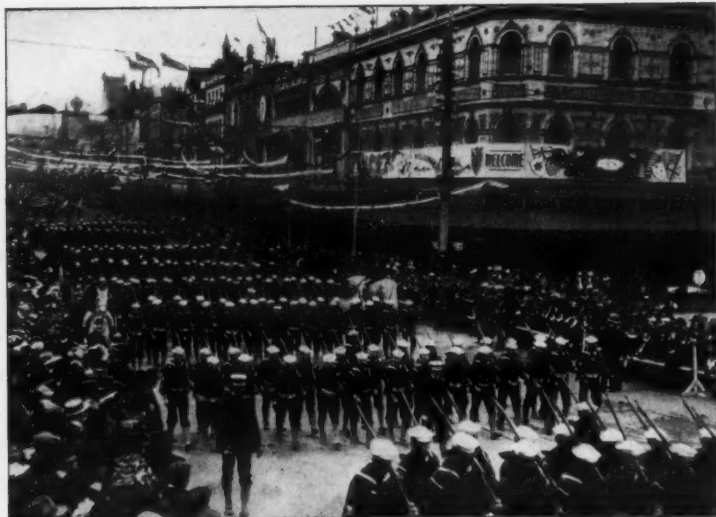
The Dolceola, with its four full octaves, embodies the exquisite tone value of two guitars and two mandolins. Its action, while similar to that of the piano, is quicker and more simple, permitting effects impossible with the larger instrument. Any class of music can be played. Music lovers are delighted with it. You must have one.

Agents make big money. Write for Proof. Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free.

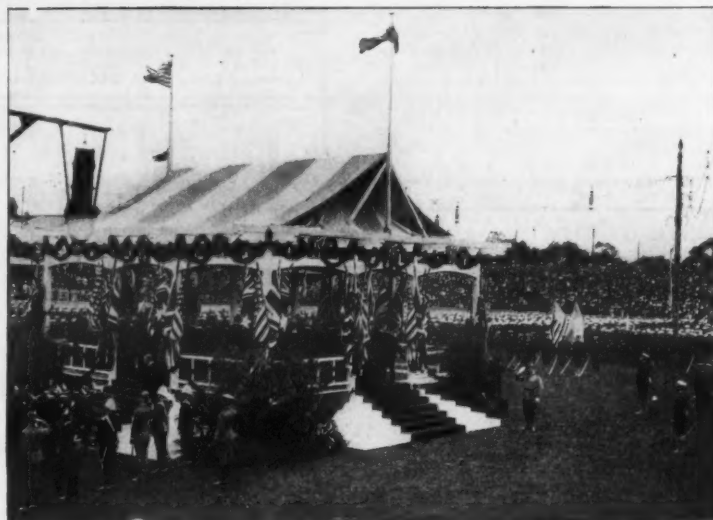
THE TOLEDO SYMPHONY CO., 1010 Sawney Bldg., Toledo, O.



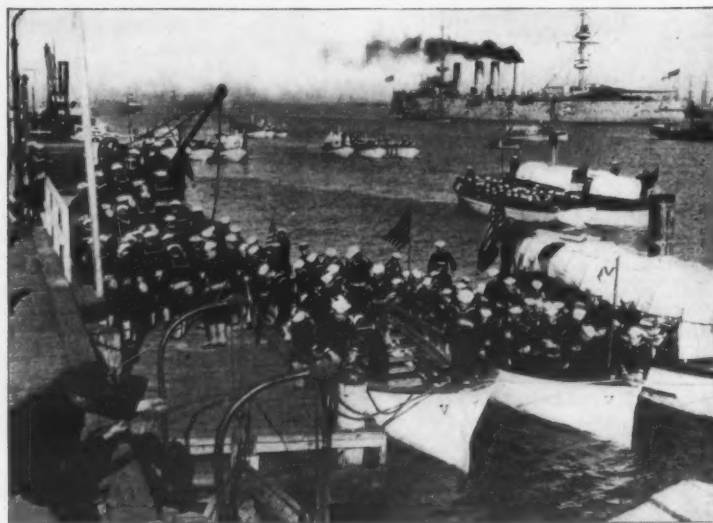
The American battleship fleet steaming into Port Phillips Heads, Melbourne, Australia, on August 29



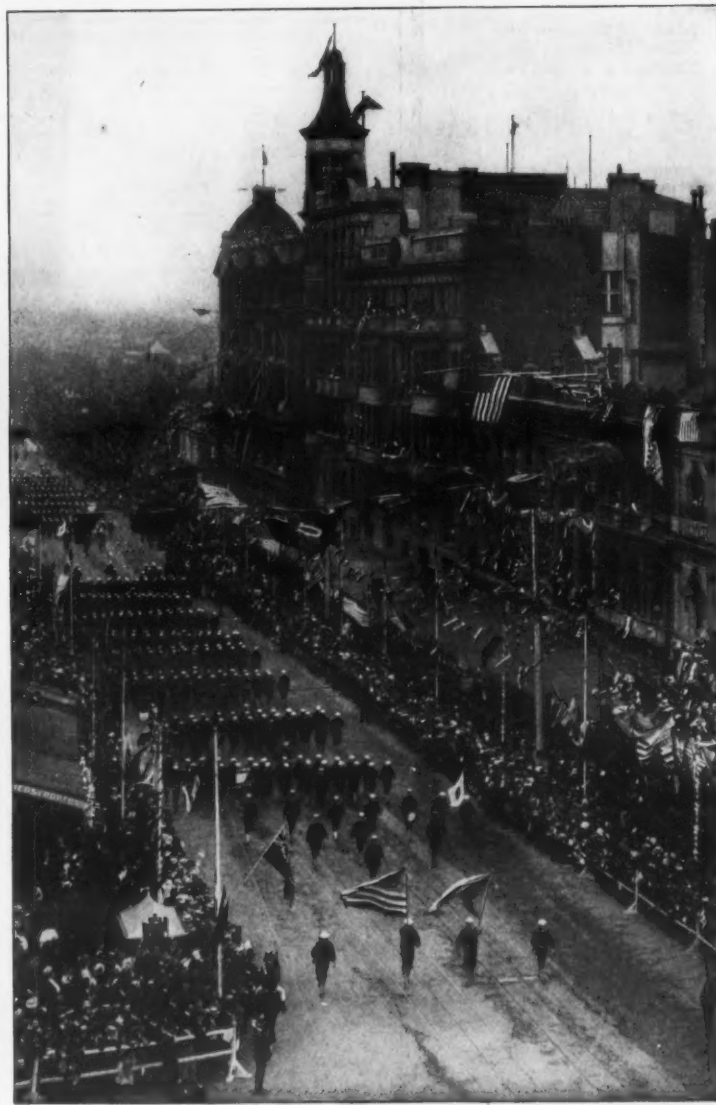
Marines and sailors from the American fleet marching through the crowd-lined, decorated streets of Melbourne



The reception to Admiral Sperry at the Melbourne Exhibition



Sailors from the battleships landing at Melbourne Pier and entering the city



After landing at Melbourne, the sailors marched through the city

The American Fleet at Melbourne

De

nation

When
grande

And o
boy an
sitting
to nat
should
been t
kinds i
implem

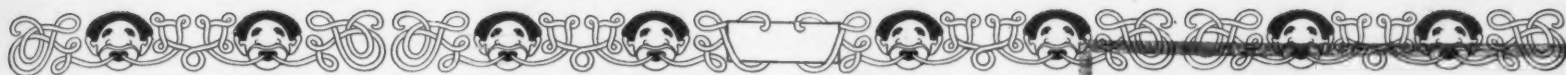
H
once m
to disc
lication
money
the fol

"The
candida
unfit fo
attacks
of Dela

Messrs.
his eul
rights
do for
to ask
besides

1.
during
2. A
of the
3. M
ernmen
Produ
label th
4. I
they h
Oth
reply a

C
Y
In the
Kentuc
was bu
were sh
ago, a
ensued
ing hac
the mo
truth,
an uni



Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE ALUMNI ROOM

October 24, 1908

The Plow

"THE FARMERS," said DANIEL WEBSTER, "are the founders of human civilization." Not only that—they are the *lasting* foundation. "Let us never forget," to quote WEBSTER again, "that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man." Unstable is the future of a country which has lost its taste for agriculture. If there is one lesson of history that is unmistakable it is that national strength lies very near the soil.

"In ancient times the sacred plow employ'd
The Kings and awful Fathers of mankind."

When the small farmer degenerated, Rome began her fall. Her grandeur was built upon

"The Sabine field
Where the great CATO toil'd with his own hands."

And one kind of child labor is a blessing—the chores of the farmer's boy and girl—milking, driving the cows, weeding, chopping wood, or sitting on the modern riding-plow. It is the best of labor, the nearest to nature, the farthest from degeneration. Certain attractions, indeed, should be added, certain comforts and devices, but farming has always been the antithesis of luxury, the check and antidote. Labor of some kinds is death, but life without labor rapidly decays; and in all ages no implement has so glorious a history as the plow.

Parasites

HAVING RELIEVED OURSELVES of the above piece of contemplation, and thus established a breadth of view, we plunge once more into affairs. Wrapped, as it were, in the infinite, we proceed to discuss the present. There exists, in the United States, a certain publication known as "Leslie's Weekly," which gets, where it is able, money enough to keep alive. In this publication recently appeared the following:

"The attack by a muck-raking weekly on Congressman SHERMAN, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and his denunciation as 'an official fat-fryer,' unfit for the place he seeks, is as unjustifiable as it is unfair. It is on a par with attacks from the same source on Senator PENROSE of Pennsylvania and Mr. DU PONT of Delaware of the Republican National Executive Committee."

Messrs. SHERMAN, DU PONT, and PENROSE are grateful. FORAKER had his eulogy in another issue. Also anybody who interferes with vested rights is attacked by this sheet with ferocious barkings. Dr. WILEY will do for an example. Just by way of acquiring information, we venture to ask "Leslie's" publicly a set of questions. If it has any readers, besides ourselves, they also might like the information.

1. What transfer in the ownership of "Leslie's" has taken place during the past year?
2. Are the bonds which govern the property now owned by directors of the Standard Oil Company?
3. Is the long series of editorial attacks upon Dr. WILEY, the Government pure-food expert, inspired by his attempt to compel the Corn Products Company, one of the Standard Oil's affiliated corporations, to label their output "glucose," and not "corn sirup"?
4. If these conditions do in fact exist, what effect, if any, should they have upon the influence of the weekly?

Others besides the publishers may answer if they like. For the best reply a portrait of Senator PENROSE will be sent upon request.

Barleycorn, and Others

COLONEL WATTERSON observes that the proprietor of the New York "Times" "deserves to be hanged to the nearest lamp-post." In the same issue of his paper it is related that because a negro in Kentucky was *rumored* to have sworn, and drawn a revolver, his home was burned, and his wife, his five-year-old daughter, and his small baby were shot by the expectant mob. In Springfield, Illinois, a little while ago, a woman said something about a negro, and with the horrors that ensued the country was ablaze. Then, after the burning and the shooting had subsided, the woman's story was disproved, and the negro, whom the mob had failed to get, was set free. That little item about the final truth, when it emerged, was in most papers half hidden from the eye—an unimportant fact, to blush unseen. It is well known that many

"identifications" are sheer hysteria, often for crimes that never were committed, and many other charges and identifications are founded on something worse than hysterical invention: they are the easiest escape from scandal. Now these are not the things to say, no doubt. They altogether lack chivalry and the aristocratic virtues. But perhaps it is time to put justice and truth above "honor," whatever that may be. If this paragraph were not already named, "Chivalry" or "Honor" would serve for a title as well as any other term—as well, for instance, as "Murder for Fun," "Brutality," or "The Lust for Blood."

Money

THE STORY OF THAW is the story of money. A judge in Pittsburgh does wrong to his position by issuing a writ, the effect and apparent purpose of which would be to help THAW escape. A judge in New York State takes a position only a little less exemplary. We have not met a lawyer who could speak of these two decisions without a sad confession that the bench in the United States does not reach the heart's desire. When THAW was on trial, his lawyers introduced perjured testimony. The Hearst and Pulitzer newspapers made a martyr of THAW and an injured saint of his cynical wife. It is a story, from the beginning, of the malign power of gold. It narrates the baleful influence of money seeking evil. From the commencement, when money bought for the young degenerate the lowest forms of pleasure, through the trial, when money corrupted his lawyers, his witnesses, and the yellow press, on to this ignoble end, when the very courts bend before the vicious power, it makes one livid tale, in which money is the villain, and justice is the martyr.

The Leaves of Fall

THE BEST THINGS are forever new, and of the blessings of this our fleeting pilgrimage none arouses in us devouter happiness than the multiform colors of the autumn; the sober browns, the changing yellows, the hectic reds. Nature takes us on her knee and improves us with serious discourse. In no other season does she lead us so inevitably to look before and after; and there is a joy even in pining for what is not. There is happiness in being tormented by the infinite. There is reflected everywhere the music of humanity, still and sad, but music always. The birds sing less often than they sang in spring. There is in autumn no anodyne like the summer heats. It is the season when our knowledge of life and destiny is with us always; when our sense of tragedy is most awake. Tragedy is not the worst of life. For tragedy is filled with beauty and significance; and in autumn lie the tragic beauties of the year.

Cannon and Hughes

TWO FIGURES LOOM, in the political arena, in vivid contrast. No statesmen could differ more in standpoint than the Speaker of the House and the Governor of New York. CANNON is the ordinary politician to the life, and HUGHES is a leader in the march ahead. Much "guff" is talked about the West. It was frequently said, last winter, that the majority, especially in the West, had no interest in a man like HUGHES, who lacked popular arts, and merely thought straight and acted right. Now the West receives HUGHES as a welcome exponent of better things, and, on the contrary, it is sharpening its hatchet for Uncle JOE. If the old obstructor is removed from his position of bad advantage, it will probably be because an aroused feeling in the West forces candidates for Congress to pledge themselves against him. If HUGHES is beaten, his own State will, by a large part of the United States, be looked upon with contempt. One man is the clearest example now before us of the power of principle. The other is the most potent and discouraging among the forces that make against progress and equality.

Baseball the Great

THE REVEREND BILLY SUNDAY has written a stirring little article for this issue. Well we remember when SUNDAY used to go down the line to first so fast that almost any grounder by him was likely to be safe. He was a trifle speedier than ARLE LATHAM of the St. Louis Browns, but LATHAM was a better base runner, and they

were lively rivals in their day. The period of which BILLY SUNDAY reminisces, with ANSON and COMISKEY as the leading chieftains, was a brilliant formative period, but the season just closed marks the high-water mark. We saw the famous tie game between Chicago and New York, and also the no less famous 4 to 2 victory for the Cubs, and never in any past season have we seen the game played so powerfully. New York "rooters" are wrong to talk about being "robbed by a technicality." Part of the game is to be alert to every possibility under the rules; never to stop until the last hope is dead; and the spirit that made CHANCE's men seize the opportunity left open to them by a New York player's mistake is the same spirit which gives them their dash and determination upon the field. Rules exist to be played by, and talk of robbery is baby talk. Here's hoping that New York and Chicago may next year have many a fierce encounter and play the game with the marvelous brilliancy which has caused this season to stand out beyond all preceding years.

Misunderstanding

THE FIRST OBJECTIONS from California about our recent comment on the bubonic plague show a rather careless reading of what we wrote. Although it was distinctly stated that precautions in San Francisco had been thorough, and still continued to be satisfactory, a number of communications assume that San Francisco is criticized, whereas it is a proper model from which some other places in California might draw inspiration for the highest medical standards. This whole topic will be treated again by us shortly. We repeat now merely that, with proper hygiene in all towns around the bay, there is no cause for alarm whatever, but that, if precautions are slackened, danger may some time arise.

Those Letters

A WHILE AGO we indicated in passing that we did not know how those Archbold-Foraker letters were secured by the Hon. Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By the exercise of some ingenuity we have now found out, as any industrious reader of the present issue will discover for himself. It was our intention, upon taking pen in hand, to draw some moral from this rather suggestive tale, but the conclusions which stand out in our mind are not only numerous but confused, and, therefore, instead of formulating aphorisms ourselves upon the subject, we shall be content to watch curiously to see what is thought of the feat by the public and the press. It is no easy question in ethics, this fundamental one of detective work, and before condemning Mr. HEARST entirely we should reflect a little carefully upon where such condemnation would end in the whole problem of securing information by similar agencies like the secret service. It is a very horrid thing, this use of depraved tools, and all we ask of anybody, in deciding upon the guilt of Mr. HEARST, is to think out clearly his own convictions and where they lead.

Will They Dare?

HOW FAR WILL POLITICIANS go in the face not only of explicit instructions from the public, but in the face also of their pledged word? Under the direct primary law in Oregon, a Republican Legislature was elected last summer, and instructed to elect to the United States Senate the present Governor, who is a Democrat. So many members of the Legislature gave explicit promises to obey the popular vote that the election of Governor CHAMBERLAIN is assured unless he is kept out of office by the most shameless dishonesty. Oregon is now full of rumors that the Republican Legislature intends to defeat CHAMBERLAIN. The idea is that the pledged members will not vote openly against him, but that enough of them will manage to be sick, or to be called out of the State on business, or to find themselves compelled to resign, to turn

the scale. Every voter in Oregon ought to read Senator BOURNE's little article in this issue. We believe, with him, that such treason will scarcely be ventured upon by politicians in a State which is so alive and so self-governing as the State of Oregon. Nevertheless, the situation must be watched. FULTON is the main conspirator. HARVEY W. SCOTT, the owner and editor-in-chief of the Portland "Oregonian," has had the Senatorial bee for as long as anybody can remember, and FULTON and the others work him by making him believe he has a chance, and in that way they get SCOTT to throw the influence of his paper with them and against "Statement No. 1." While the circulation of the paper has not been decreased, its influence, politically, considering its former prestige, is now practically nothing. There will,

undoubtedly, be a serious situation in Oregon if the Legislature actually does reject CHAMBERLAIN, and if the members of the Legislature who were elected in June, pledged to "Statement No. 1," shamelessly repudiate their pledges.

Nine Lines of Philosophy

WHEN WE ARE TWENTY all those ills from which man suffers are attributed to the tragic make-up of the universe. When we pass forty, those very same calamities are attributed to advancing age. Actually, youth, and even childhood, knows most of the sorrows of succeeding years.

Moving Pictures

ONE SIDE of the moving-picture show was vivaciously presented by Miss ALICE MINNIE HERTS in our paper recently. A correspondent who disagrees with her quotes from a letter of Miss JANE ADDAMS thus:

"It is unfortunate that the five-cent theater has become associated in the public mind with the lurid and unworthy. Our experience at Hull House has left no doubt in our minds that in time moving pictures will be used quite as the stereopticon is at present, for all purposes of education and entertainment, and that schools and churches will count the films as among their most valuable equipment."

The same correspondent points out that the moving pictures often exhibit subjects in history, methods in industry, geographical scenes, and works of art. Miss HERTS argues against the whole method, even as some patrons of the drama argue against vaudeville, but that is a large subject, and to regret an invention is at least a waste of time. What use is made of the invention is another question, and

it is only fair to say that not all moving-picture shows are open to the objection of presenting anything that could demoralize or revolt.

Women and the Saloon

NO DOUBT REMAINS that a saloon commission will be formed for the investigation of conditions in the retail liquor trade, for the wise manipulation of the immense crusading anti-saloon fervor of the country, and for directing future effort along legislative and social lines that will be permanent instead of only picturesque. The only question now under consideration is what shall be the most potent form for the commission? It is practically assured that either an official commission or a privately endowed commission can be obtained for the asking. Some men of judgment are inclined to think that a thorough study of the subject in New York State would be likely to produce more solid results than would an inquiry which attempted to extend over the whole United States. In whatever shape it finally becomes embodied this winter, at least one woman should be in its membership. Several of the saloon's most vital problems and most sickening evils are those in which women play a part that is tragic and prominent. There is need of the guidance and knowledge of good women. The commission will best prosper when it numbers on its board women of the tact, wisdom, and sympathy of JANE ADDAMS of Hull House, FRANCES A. KELLOR of the Inter-Municipal Research Committee, Mrs. WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, Jr., of the Committee of Fourteen, or LILLIAN D. WALD of the Nurses' Settlement.

Don Quixote

By E. H. SOTHERN

I

ROMANCE is dead, and knights have had their day,
Old Time now dances to a soberer tune,
No longer Strephon worships Phyllis' shoon,
The very Gods have fled this mortal fray;
Yet one heart owns fair Dulcinea's sway,
And bears her banner, praying as a boon
That he may dare the mountains of the moon,
The filch'd stars before her feet to lay.
Here Don Quixote holds his forehead high,
His lance in rest, his oriflamme unfurl'd,
Tilting at wind-mills or 'gainst giants hurl'd,
Honor and Truth and Love his battle-ery,
Demanding only of a laughing world
Gently to live and with brave heart to die.

II

WISEST of madmen, maddest of the wise!
We would adventure where thy fancies lead;
Where knightly thought quickens to knightly deed,
Where thy defeat shames meaner victories.
Did all men view life's pageant through thine eyes,
Wield righteous sword when grief and weakness plead,
Then were this world from all enchanters freed,
All mortals listed in thy high emprise.
Quixotic we would be—to still declare
Our cot a castle, and our lass a queen;
Upright, unconquered, unafraid, serene,
Finding God's poorest creatures brave and fair,
Shedding a glory over all things mean.
If this be folly, folly be our share.

THE
is
last A
whom
4) fail
voters
Cake,
general
Chamb
publica
Fulton
verdict
He sym
the Sta
pledged
his own
of his
become
will su

law des
but not
A pla
in Oreg
Law pr
name o
other t
will not
officer."
Unde
in addi
a hund
advocat
but if
account
therefo
subscri

"I fu
to the
term of
United
highest
the ge
Senator
prefer
Or, he
"Dur



Taft and Bryan Meet

Taft and Bryan at the Non-Political Banquet of the Chicago Association of Commerce on October 7

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE GEORGE F. LAWRENCE CO.

The Oregon Senatorship

Some Vital Reasons Why a Republican Legislature Must Elect a Democratic Senator

By JONATHAN BOURNE, Jr., United States Senator from Oregon

THE situation described by Senator Bourne below is the outcome of the Oregon primary election last April. At that election Senator Fulton (to whom COLLIERS paid its respects in its issue of April 4) failed to secure the endorsement of the Republican voters as the party's candidate for reelection. H. M. Cake, who was chosen instead, was defeated at the general election in June by a Democrat, Governor Chamberlain. Under the cloak of a crusader for Republican domination in a normally Republican State, Fulton has been hard at work to nullify the primary verdict when the Legislature meets next January. He sympathizes with the attempt to lure away from the State enough members of the Legislature who are pledged to elect Chamberlain, to make possible either his own selection or the selection of some Republican of his choice. Should he succeed, the primary will become a farce in Oregon, and the primary principle will suffer throughout the country.

THE people in Oregon have initiated and passed, under a provision of their State Constitution and legally prescribed forms, a Primary Elections Law, by the terms of which candidates for public office and party organization alike are brought directly under the control of the public will and all public servants made responsible to the people. The law destroys all political machines and political bosses, but not party integrity nor organization.

A plain and careful statement of the political situation in Oregon at this time is needed: Our Primary Elections Law provides that an elector seeking office may get his name on the party's ballot by petition, in which, among other things, he agrees to "accept the nomination and will not withdraw," and if elected "will qualify as such officer," implying, of course, that he will also serve.

Under the law, a candidate for the Legislature may, in addition to stating on his petition in not to exceed a hundred words what measures and principles he advocates, also subscribe to one of two statements; but if he does not so subscribe he shall not on that account be debarred from the ballot. It will be seen, therefore, that three courses are open to him. He may subscribe to Statement No. 1, as follows:

"I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during my term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States Senator in Congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a Senator in Congress, without regard to my individual preference."

Or, he may subscribe to Statement No. 2, as follows:

"During my term of office I shall consider the vote

of the people for United States Senator in Congress as nothing more than a recommendation, which I shall be at liberty to wholly disregard if the reason for doing so seems to me to be sufficient."

Or, he may be perfectly silent on the election of United States Senator. It is entirely optional with the candidate.

The law further provides that United States Senators may be nominated by their respective parties in the party primaries and the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes thereby becomes the party nominee. Then in the general election the party nominees are voted for by the people and the individual receiving the greatest number of votes in the general election thereby becomes the people's choice for United States Senator.

Our Primary Elections Law embodying these statements was passed by a popular vote of approximately 56,000 for to 16,000 against, and, notwithstanding the great majority in its favor, its opponents charged that the people did not know what they were doing when they voted for it. Accordingly, at the last general election, the advocates of the election of Senators by the people and of the enforcement of Statement No. 1 submitted to the people the following bill:

"Be it enacted by the people of the State of Oregon: "Section 1—That we, the people of the State of Oregon, hereby instruct our Representatives and Senators in our Legislative Assembly, as such officers, to vote for and elect the candidates for United States Senator from this State who receive the highest number of votes at our general elections."

Although there was no organized campaign made for the adoption of the bill other than the argument accompanying its submission, while opponents of the Primary Law assailed it vehemently, the basic principle of Statement No. 1 and the election of United States Senators by the people was thus again endorsed in the passage of this bill by a popular vote of 69,565 for it to 21,182 against it, or by nearly 3½ to 1.

The Oregon Legislature consists of ninety members, thirty in the Senate and sixty in the House, forty-six making the necessary majority on full attendance for the election of United States Senators.

At the last election the number of Statement No. 1 legislators elected was sufficient with the Statement No. 1 hold-over Senators to raise the whole number thus pledged to fifty-one, making on joint ballot a majority of five out of a total of ninety members. All of these fifty-one members subscribed to the Statement No. 1 pledge voluntarily, and it was so subscribed to by them from a personal belief in the desirability of the popular election of United States Senators.

No oath could be more sacred in honor; no contract more binding; no mutual consideration more definite than is contained in the Statement No. 1 pledge; and no parties to a contract could be of more consequence to government and society than the electorate upon the one side and its servants upon the other.

Under the United States Constitution there can be no

penalty attaching to the law. The legislator breaking his sacred pledge can not be imprisoned or fined; hence, he is doubly bound by honor to redeem his voluntary obligations. Failure to do so would not only brand him as the destroyer of a sacred trust, but as the most contemptible of cowards, because legally immune from punishment for his perfidy.

It is absolutely inconceivable that a single one of these fifty-one men will prove recreant either by resigning, by emigrating from the State, or by refusing to vote as he has pledged his sacred honor to do. Death only can relieve him of his responsibility, and the individual who would advise or in any degree justify one of these men in such betrayal would become even more contemptible than the actual culprit in the estimation of every honorable man. Nor could the beneficiary of such perfidy and betrayal of a sacred trust escape. The office itself would be made thereby unclean and the odors of fraud would linger in the toga.

In the Oregon primaries held last April, Hon. H. M. Cake received the Republican nomination for United States Senator and our present Governor, George E. Chamberlain, the Democratic nomination for United States Senator. In the general election in June Governor Chamberlain defeated Mr. Cake by a small plurality, thereby developing from the Democratic candidate into the people's choice for United States Senator. The normal Republican majority in Oregon is conceded to be from fifteen to twenty thousand. With full recognition of Governor Chamberlain's ability and fitness for the office and his great personal popularity, I deem it but just to the law and a proper anticipation of the criticism by the enemies of the law that it destroys party lines and integrity, to state that in my humble opinion Governor Chamberlain received the votes of several thousand Republican enemies of the law who believed that in selecting Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat, they would prevent a Republican Legislature from ratifying the people's selection, obeying the people's instructions, and electing as United States Senator the individual, regardless of party, that the people might select for that office. Thus they hoped to make the primary law and Statement No. 1 odious and sought to create what they thought would be an impossible condition, by forcing upon a Republican Legislature for confirmation the popularly designated Democratic candidate for United States Senator.

Greater than party, and infinitely greater than any individual, the people's choice becomes the representative of a principle and the law; the intelligence and integrity of the whole electorate of the State of Oregon, as well as the integrity and loyalty of the members of the Legislature, are now at stake, and from any honorable viewpoint the mere intimation of the possibility of the Legislature or any member of the Legislature failing conscientiously to fulfill his pledge or loyally obey the instructions of the people, is not only an insult to the individual members of the Legislature, but an insult to the intelligence, independence, and patriotism of the Oregon electorate. They must not permit such action to go unnoticed or fail to hold the culprit to a rigid responsibility for his treason.



THE TERROR OF THE CAMPAIGN

This article reveals where Mr. Hearst secured his ammunition

Mr. Hearst's Thieves

The Story of a White Man who Crossed the Color Line and His Negro Friend, the Stepson of John D. Archbold's Aged Butler—How They Sold the Standard Oil Office Files to the Hearst Newspapers for a Trifle Over \$12,000—Stump Hints at Penrose and Aldrich

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

"We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
We're poor little black sheep who've gone astray,
Damned from here to eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we."

THIS is the life story of two obscure citizens, a negro and his white friend, who have kept the 1908 Presidential campaign lively, made Mr. Hearst a star performer, and received and spent a wad of money.

It was Willie W. Winfield and Charles Stump, you see, who sold the John D. Archbold Standard Oil letters (about Sibley and Senator Foraker and other political intimates of No. 26 Broadway) to Mr. Hearst for a trifle over \$12,000. "It looked like a lot of money, then," says Charley Stump. "What is \$12,000 to \$15,000? A few thousands don't last long, with the gambling and the rest."

"When you get a chance to make \$10,000 to \$15,000 because you can lay your hands on information," says Willie Winfield, "I say, to hell with your job. Take the chance. What do you care if you lose your job? Stump was a fool, or he'd have stayed rich. He used to show \$1,500 at a time. But the women got it—diamonds for them, and the rest of it."

William W. Winfield, the negro, was the file clerk, messenger, and door tender of John D. Archbold until 1905. He is the stepson of John D. Archbold's trusted and now aged negro butler, James N. Wilkins, of blameless life, devoted to Mr. and Mrs. Archbold, and by them much honored. For over twenty years Wilkins has been as one of the family. He owns a charming large white house at No. 35 North Washington Street, Tarrytown. Its interior is tasteful and attractive to a degree. Many years ago he married a widow woman, Mrs. Winfield, whose two sons are John A. Winfield and Willie W. Winfield. John is porter in the National Bank of Tarrytown. Turn we to Willie.

"I will tell you an odd thing," says Willie. "Archbold is a big man, isn't he? and he knows a lot of big men; but he's more afraid of me. I've had different odd jobs with him since I left Standard Oil. I was with Standard Oil ten years. Stump was there six years—he came in 1899. I taught him all he knew. Why, he didn't know how to handle a telephone, used to put the receiver to his ear, and drop it when it buzzed. Poor Stump, he was just plain foolish, careless, as you might say."

"I've never been able to do much business with Archbold," says Stump, "since I sold the letters, a little money, once in a while, \$75 one time, \$10 another time,

but nothing much. He keeps my address, though, and knows where I am. I don't understand how Willie keeps next. And yet we've stirred up the campaign for fair," says Charley Stump. "I wrote a letter to Mr. Hearst when he began reading the Archbold letters, saying that, considering the sensation they were making, he ought to send me a little money. There's no use trying to see him. You can't get through the office force. But no money has come from that letter. Eldridge was the last man in the Hearst office that I actually did busi-



The home of William W. Winfield, the negro Standard Oil employee who procured the Archbold letters which Stump sold to the Hearst office. The house is situated at 35 North Washington street, Tarrytown, and is the property of John D. Archbold's butler, James N. Wilkins, the stepfather of Willie Winfield

ness with. When you came in this afternoon, so quiet and confidential with some proposition or other, I thought at first you were one more Standard Oil man with his hands full of letters that wanted me to place them in Park Row. I'm through with that. There's nothing in it. It gives you lots of trouble and uneasiness and no satisfaction. I wouldn't go through it again. I was only a boy, only nineteen years old, at the time I carried through the Archbold business for the Hearst people.

"And yet, do you know, Mr. Hearst hasn't begun to read the best of the letters. He's beginning easy. Wait till you hear him read the Senator Penrose and the Senator Aldrich letters. Then there'll be a sensation. What's happening now is nothing. He hasn't the originals, you know. They were returned to the Standard Oil files. Photographic copies were made, and those are the ones

Hearst is using. He hasn't originals, except a few Hanna letters, which may not come out at all. After the photographed copies of the letters were sold to the Hearst people, some of the letters were returned to Mr. Archbold by a friend of mine" (Stump gave me his name, which is here suppressed because he is living honestly). "Mr. Archbold had offered us a thousand dollars, but he didn't pay it after he got his hands on the letters."

We knew it was too much risk to steal the originals and then keep them. J. D. A. would be sure to ask some day for some one of them, and where would we be? So we had to photograph them and then return them.

Willie Winfield and His Friend

"WILLIE fetched the stuff to me, but he never showed up at the Hearst office at all. They've never laid eyes on him. It's me that stands to lose on any publicity. Willie has nothing to lose. He's got his Tarrytown home. He's fixed, living there with his stepfather, who has the job with Archbold."

"You know Willie has always denied his guilt. He actually brought suit against Mr. Archbold at the time of his dismissal. Paid a lawyer to prepare the papers, and everything. He's a reckless fellow."

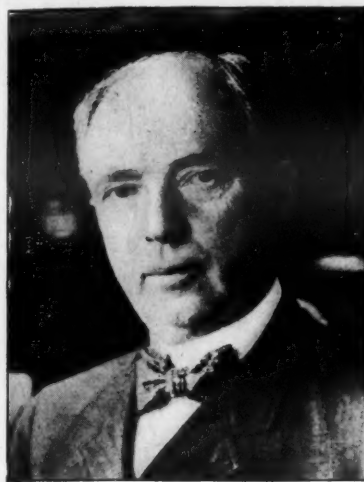
In 1904, Willie and Stump were working along happily enough in the Standard Oil offices at 26 Broadway. They were inseparable friends—the white man and the negro. Their negro friends describe the degree of their intimacy by holding up the index finger and the middle finger of the right hand and tightly clasping them with all the fingers of the left hand.

"They were close as that, always."

Willie—he was the keen one. He is short, strongly built, with a bullet head set back in a cocky way, like a fighting bird. His mustache is thick and closely cropped. He is neat, what you call "a good sport." He is equally ready for a joke or a scrap. His talk is a mixture of caution and boasting.

He is vivacious and witty, and socially attractive. "It's a pleasure to be with Willie," say his friends. "He's different from ordinary folks." It isn't character, it's just temperament, that makes Willie one of the best-known negroes in the State.

Stoop-shouldered, loose-framed, with coal-black hair, and the facial pallor of a mortal disease, and a dull red scar-mark of a blood disease in his right cheek, with wide eyes, yellow in the whites and shifty in the center—eyes that never look at you, but wander over your clothing and feet, like unclean little creatures—Charley Stump is a man to be marked in any crowd as one who has had some unique personal experience. There is a



JOHN D. ARCHBOLD



WILLIAM R. HEARST



SENATOR JOSEPH B. FORAKER



GOVERNOR C. N. HASKELL

Mr. Hearst has been enlivening the present Presidential campaign by reading a series of letters from the private files of John D. Archbold. These pictures show the principal actors in the stories which Mr. Hearst has already unfolded, showing the relations of prominent American statesmen to the powers of high finance. In the revelations which we now make, the most important piece of news, if it be true, is the statement of one of Hearst's tools, made to us, that Penrose and Aldrich are going to be hit even harder than Foraker was. We understand that Mr. Hearst's intention has heretofore been to put out the Penrose and Aldrich material about November 1

suggestion of the hunted about him. The same timid stare as in the eye of Lafcadio Hearn. Stump is smooth-faced, painfully close-shaven, with the blue chin of priests. His nerves are in poor shape. He ought to emigrate to Australia, and begin again from the soil. He needs good air and decent white people, and the waters of forgetfulness.

Those were the two men. Together they played the races through 1904. Willie was always the leader and suggester. Stump was a man you could pull in any direction.

THE Standard Oil letters of John D. Archbold to Senator Foraker, Representative Sibley and other eminent politicians, of which Mr. Hearst has made effective use through the present campaign, were sold to the New York "American" office by Charles Stump, a confidential messenger of the Standard Oil Company. The letters were brought to him by William W. Winfield, a negro in the office of John D. Archbold. Winfield is the stepson of Mr. Archbold's butler. Stump and Winfield cleared a trifle over \$12,000 by the transaction and made merry through 1905 on the proceeds, running a saloon, playing the races, and leading a swift metropolitan life

correspondence in bargain lots to his good friend, Charley Stump, and made him, the white man, the actual negotiator at the Hearst office in Park Row.

The Park Row Visits of Stump

SOON after the Presidential election of 1904, Stump became a familiar figure, of nights, in the editorial rooms of William Randolph Hearst's New York newspapers. Some of those who observed him thought him consumptive, because of his remarkable pallor. He wore a frieze overcoat and an air of the utmost self-assurance. He had many whispered conferences, calling two or three times a week for many weeks. It is hard to remember back three years in a Hearst office (so much is in the air there all the time—from ideas to tissue manufacturing paper), but to those who escaped from the maelstrom with their brains least impaired, it seems now quite certain that these visits lasted from early December until the middle of February. Along toward the end of his visits he became generally known to managing editors and other authorities of the office, including, of course, the office-boys, whom he scorned, as "the man with the Standard Oil letters." It was known that, with two high officials in the Hearst office, he and a photographer met in the photograph rooms of the newspaper. A safe in the office became known as "the safe with the negatives of the Standard Oil letters in it." When news was dull and the editorial council was dolefully bewailing the fact, it was commonplace for one editor or another to sigh: "Wish the boss would let us into those Standard Oil negatives in the safe!"

"The three men I did business with in the Hearst office," says Stump, "were, first, Eddy, the city editor; then Mooney, who later took charge of a paper out of town; then Eldridge, the present city editor of the 'American.'"

It was but natural that letters reflecting corporation scandal upon statesmen, and especially upon Senators of the United States, should seek the Hearst market in those months. The compilation of the Hearst "Cosmopolitan Magazine's" series, "The Treason of the Senate,"

was in progress. The need for more evidence of treason was urgent; the supply flourished with the demand.

The Letters Locked up Three Years

A FAR less brilliant appraiser of public sensations than William Randolph Hearst could not have failed to appreciate that the stolen Archbold correspondence would be wasted on "The Treason of the Senate," already ridiculed and more or less discredited. But Hearst, in the winter of 1904-5, appreciated even more. He had just passed through a candidacy for nomination to Presidency of the United States; he had pretty nearly disqualified himself from appealing for a hearing in 1908. But with these letters and with a candidate, not himself, who had been conspicuous as a militant enemy of Standard Oil, the American people, who love trouble and disturbances of the peace, would gladly open the gates of the arena for him. He made Hise the candidate; he read and, at this writing, is still reading Mr. Archbold's private letters. And he has made more talk and more disturbance in this campaign than any man or body of men in or out of it except the baseball contestants for the various championships. Thus is Hearst justified upon himself for holding back those letters for three long years; thus the circulations of the various "Journals," "Americans," and "Examiners" wax great, and in scores of cities there are negotiations in progress for the establishment, sooner or later, of new Hearst newspapers.

Early in 1905 Mr. Archbold discovered the theft, and Willie and Stump were discharged. They had cleaned up a little over \$12,000 by the series of transactions in Park Row, and a small part of this they invested in the saloon at the southeast corner of 134th Street and Seventh Avenue. The rest they dropped in poolrooms, the races, and in one other way, to be specified in a moment. Neither of them was a worker, so they put in Clinton Wilkins, a negro, as manager of their saloon. Later he bought them out, and on his death his brother, Leroy Wilkins, took the business. He is still in charge. It is his brother, "Baron" Wilkins, who runs the "Little Savoy," at 253 West Thirty-fifth Street, most notorious of negro dives and resorts, with its famous iron door admitting to the upstairs apartments, and its picture gallery of beauties in the basement, and the negro pugilist exhibit at the rear. We pause and sketch the "Little Savoy," for it was with that crowd that the two men traveled in the summer of 1905. The Wilkins boys were their close friends. The Wilkins boys are of the same name and color as the stepfather of Willie Winfield, though all relationship is denied by both sides. Both Willie and Stump put far more time and money in gambling than in their saloon.

It was at this point that Stump's constant association with negro life became altogether too much for him, and he crossed the color line. He spent his money and lost his grip on life in association with a negro woman of the uptown district—lavishing diamonds on her and even buying her a horse, so the story runs. Stump began to drop his old-time white friends—honest Germans—and fell both socially and financially. In October, 1905, the saloon partnership was dissolved, and Stump disappeared. Later he was so hard up as to take a job on

the street railway as conductor. Such warm friends of his as Philip Wagner, the well-known undertaker and livery stable man of 144 West Ninetieth Street, have been unable to trace him. His crossing the color line in women threw him out of touch with his one-time associates.

After Stump left Winfield, and took the path that led him out of sight of all his old familiars, Willie went it alone in the saloon, with Wilkins as manager, but finally he grew tired and pulled out. In September, 1907, he went with his wife to Chicago. Since April, 1908, he and his wife have lived with his stepfather in the Tarrytown home. He has had abundant spending money in these last three years, with occasional ebb-tide times.

"I've known big men, a good many of them, and I've had big chances," says Willie. "But somehow I never could seem to get in just right."

"I don't want to peddle any more letters," says Stump.

"But I'm always willing to make money. But it's got to be enough to cover me, if I lose my job. It's got to keep me till I find another, and that isn't easy. After you're down and out, it's a long time you are looking."

On Friday afternoon, October 9, at 3 p. m., at No. 35 North Washington Street, Tarrytown, Willie said to me:

"I'm mighty anxious to find Stump. He seems to have disappeared again. People haven't seen him for a long time. He may be dead—poor Charley! He was always careless. But there'll be a big thing for him and for me, too, if I land him inside the month. After the next few weeks there's nothing doing. I don't want him after that."

The Pawns and the Players

STUMP isn't dead, but he looks ill and tired of life. He works as a desk clerk on the third floor of Yale & Towne, No. 9 Murray Street, and he lives at 1086 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

"What I want to know," said Stump to me on Monday, October 12, "what is there in it for me if I see Willie? It's a bit of a trip to Tarrytown. And this game of Archbold's getting us to swear one of the letters was faked by Hearst so as to make it look as if the whole correspondence was a yellow Journal fake—I want to know the price for that. I want guarantees before I lose a job for that scheme. Anyway, I want to see \$25 before I talk it over with Willie."

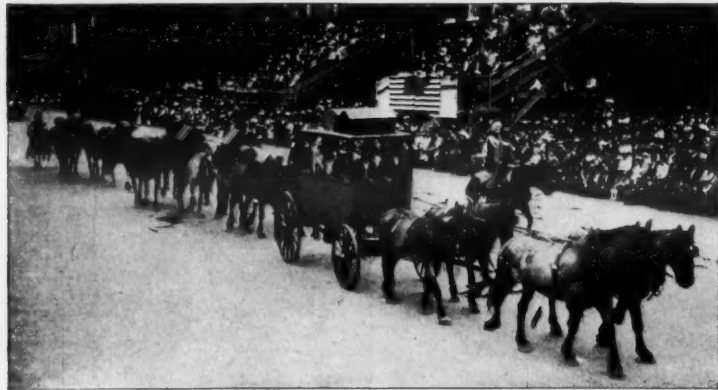
There is something pathetic in coming to know these two in their sickly deceit, insincerity, and utter willingness to be purchased. They lay open their whole dirty and pitiable life to you as you sit with them; and, weary of the game, they will still be asking: "How much is there in it for me?" The episode will drive Willie out of Tarrytown, and will throw Stump out of his job. It will give them some more unhappiness in place of easy money, while it will scarcely annoy Mr. Archbold and Mr. Hearst. And yet these obscure men are not the most guilty parties of the now famous Archbold-Foraker-Hearst episode. They are the sad little pawns of the well-hidden players. It is a pity if, in dramatizing them, we have obscured the main offenders in our 1908 show. The act of uncovering them at least reveals what is done to human nature by the secret agencies of men who have grown ruthless in success.



Charles Stump, who sold the Standard Oil Letters to Hearst's New York "American." The letters were turned over to Stump by Willie Winfield, a negro, the stepson of John D. Archbold's aged butler



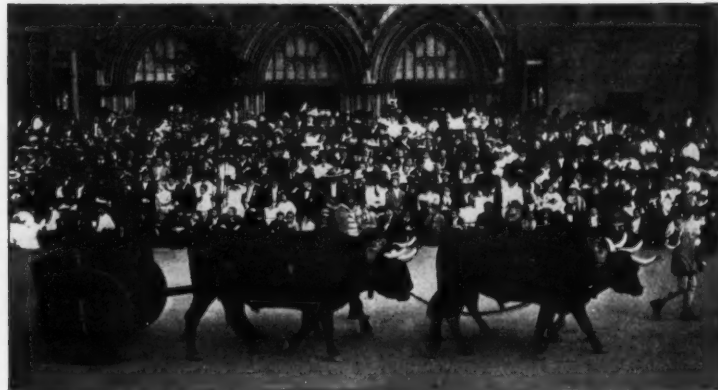
Children's Day Exercises in front of Independence Hall



Virginians coming to attend Congress, 1775



The early Swedish settlers of Pennsylvania



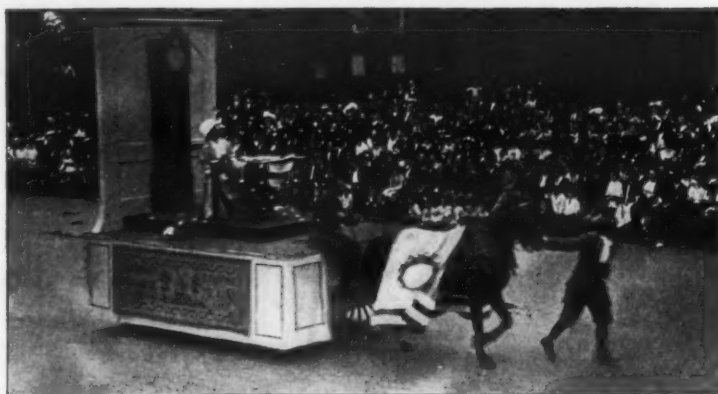
Robert Morris's ox-train transporting specie, 1781



The "Onrest," first ship to enter the Delaware, 1616



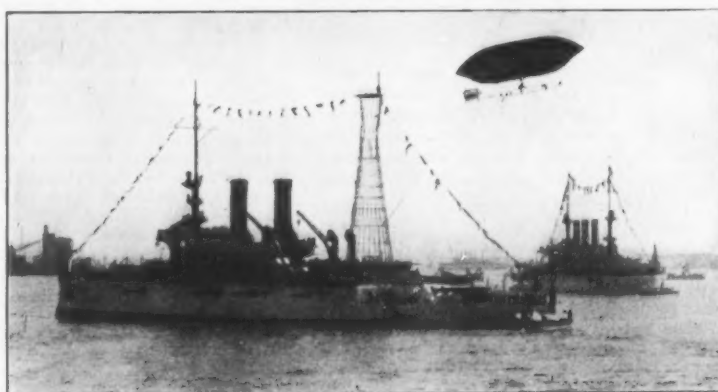
Taking the Liberty Bell out of the city, 1777



Betsy Ross making the American flag



Entrance of Sir William Howe's troops into the city, 1777



Beachey's airship passing over the "Idaho"



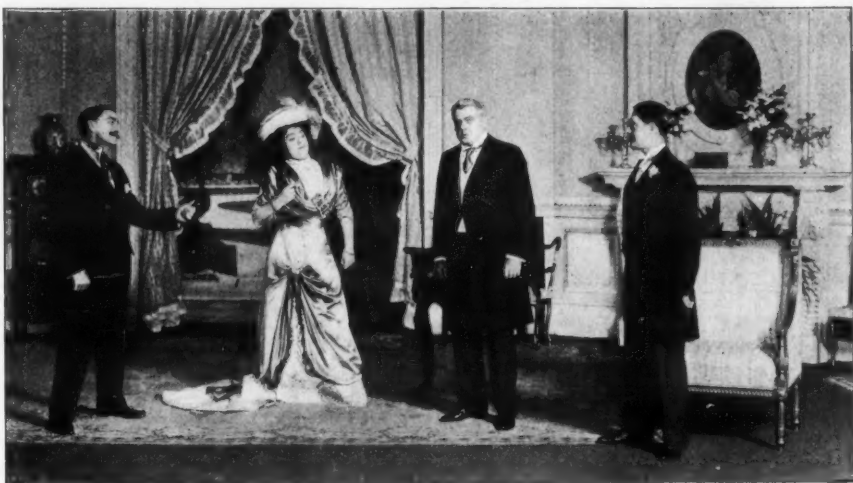
Welsh followers of William Penn, about 1702

At Elsinore

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

OUT of the golden mist around the sun,—
The soft, pale mist that in the shadowing west
Touches the growing moon,—there cometh rest,
And swift day pauses ere its course is run;
The red-brown sails are furled, the haven won
The Sound is rippled only by the quest
Of darting gulls, who seem to have no nest
But curving waves that leeward glide or run:

A SUDDEN chill,—blasts from the Swedish shore
Are met by Danish blasts: no longer peace
Fills the pale air; the budding star-points see
The gulls exultant high and higher soar;
—I hear them call: O! Man, let soft days cease,
If, in the tempest, we are high and free!



JOHN DREW IN "JACK STRAW"

On a Certain Ingratitude in Critics

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THERE has been lately in the theatrical world of New York what the newspapers call an "agitation." The persons who appear chiefly agitated are some theatrical managers, and what caused their disquiet was the fact that certain people who will make a practise of going to the first night of each new play have become satiated and unenthusiastic.

In interviews, well-known stars and managers complained that this clique of theater-goers attend every first night in a spirit of hostility. They charge that these professional first-nighters dare the emotional actress to make them weep, and the comedian to make them smile; that their hostility affects both the people on the stage and the people in the audience, that through them the success of the play that is making a bid for public favor, is jeopardized.

No one who goes often to the theater will be seriously alarmed by this charge. He will readily recognize the people at whose expense the managers are obtaining much space in the newspapers, and he knows that at the next *première* he will find them—the child actresses, the smart dressmakers, the Ladies of the Gold-Mesh Purses, and their escorts—as for years he has found them, occupying and decorating the best places it is in the power of the manager to give them. In the "agitation" he will see only the skilled hand of the press agent. He knows that in New York there is no manager who honestly believes the lady who pounds the table at Rector's with her vanity-box, and complains that "The Servant in the House" has not a laugh in it, can halt the run of that play, or that the gentlemen who in the mad, glad, bad days of our lawlessness took our money from us at the races can drive "The Man from Home" or "Paid in Full" back to the Bad Lands of one-night stands.

The agitation will bring no change. The press agents will have had their fun, the Death Watch will continue to sit in judgment.

For one, I should be as sorry to have a good play driven out of town as to have the professional first-nighters exiled from the front row. Through "having grown familiar with his face," I have come to regard each of them as an old friend. Consider how dull a first night would be without the flash of their white waistcoats, without their bulging shirt fronts bursting with fat pink pearls. Contemplate, if you dare, the absence of the beautiful Ladies of the Gold-Mesh Purses, who sometimes graciously turn their lorgnettes from the hats in the boxes to watch our poor efforts on the stage.

The First-Nighter

AND, to those of us who are "the public's obedient servant," and who are trying by our acting or our playwriting to rob it of its good money, the first-nighter is a valuable, indispensable asset. If he likes your play, or your acting, he will come to see it, not only once on the first night but many times. And it is not an admission ticket that will satisfy him! He wants a two-dollar seat, and, "If you haven't any left, give me the stage-box." And he comes prejudiced in your favor by the best dinner Sherry has to offer, and fortified by vintage champagne against the worst you may have to offer him.

Let him protest no matter how loudly, I know of no manager in New York who is going to turn that man away from the box-office.

No, it is not the first-nighter who on a first night is a nuisance, it is not against him that we should harden our hearts. But, there is a professional first-nighter, a man from Missouri, a man not "flushed with wine," but apparently driven by the whips of dyspepsia, or, it may be, remorse. You all know him. You have all seen him. He sits alone, on the aisle, stern-visaged, sad-eyed, unloving, unbeloved. He is called a dramatic critic. If we are to "agitate," let us agitate against that man.

There was a day when the dramatic critic took the play, and the players, seriously. Now he takes himself

seriously. For the critic and the player this new attitude of mind is one much to be regretted. It impairs the usefulness of both.

To-day, dramatic critics might be divided into two classes: the misanthrope, who has set his standard so high that in the modern theater he can see nothing to enjoy, and nothing to praise; and, the newspaper comedian, who regards the men and women on the stage only as persons in a pillory. Owing to some strange inertia on the part of the public, he has acquired the right to hurl at actors and actresses impertinent personalities, witticisms, sometimes cruel jests that fester and leave a scar. To some men, the mere fact that a fellow human being is in the stocks, unable to retaliate, already a figure for laughter, is reason enough for passing him in silence, with averted eyes. But the low-comedy critic is not paid to be magnanimous. If by a flash of his wit he can make his readers laugh, even though it send a leading lady into hysterics or sets an actor swearing, he is satisfied. To him, to see his name on an ash-can, under some such stirring quotation from his deathless prose as "A chuckle every minute," "It will make Comstock sit up," is Fame. It is his business, by ridicule, to send chorus girls sobbing to bed, to cause bellhops and hall-room boys to grin. His is what we may call the Ash-barrel School of Criticism, and he is not a serious proposition. We may pass him by for his more important colleague.

The Gold and the Dross

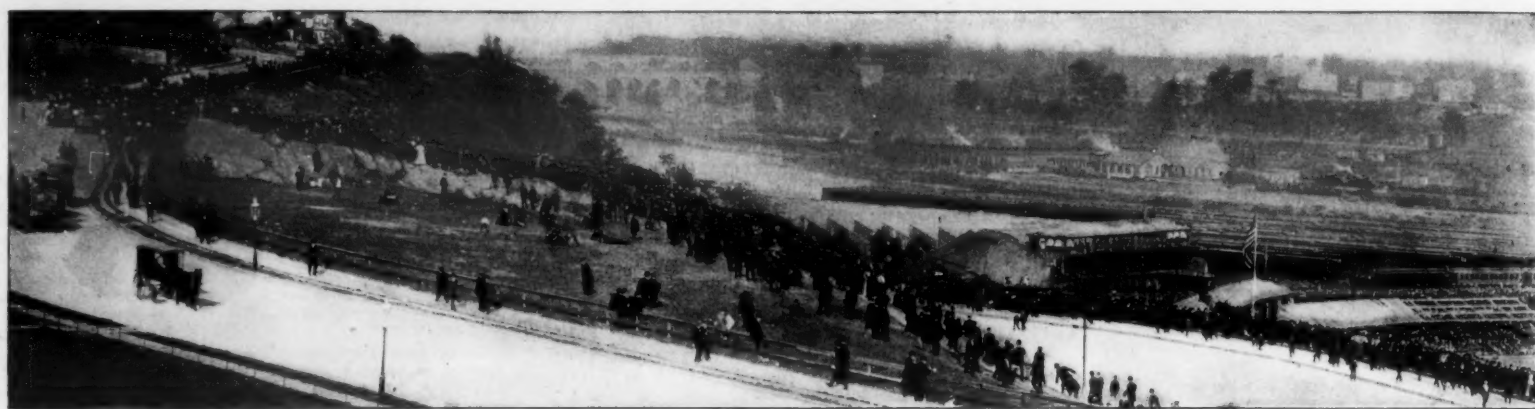
THE crime I impute to these gentlemen is lack of gratitude. The misanthropes among the critics go to the theater prepared to scoff; they sometimes remain to praise. Instead of seeking out the few precious nuggets, and rejoicing over them as a miner over a piece of gold, they see only the rock and sand and dirt in which the gold may lie concealed. Personally, I always go to the theater expecting to enjoy myself. If I didn't expect to enjoy myself, I would not go. And, though that is only the point of view of the mere theater-goer, even a dramatic critic might occasionally profit by it. To this he might answer that I go only for pleasure, while he goes because it is his business to do so. But, if it makes him unhappy to be a dramatic critic, there are other callings open to him, and for which, it may be, he is better fitted. If he should still desire a profession in which, as is the case with his present one, his victim can not answer back, he might become a college professor, a Chautauqua lecturer, a dentist.

In any event, I am sure it was in this spirit of gratitude that the critics of earlier days set forth to the playhouses. In all that Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt have told us of the drama of their day is not this written plain? Can you not see them entering a playhouse, not only hoping, but asking to be pleased? What they wrote is generous, eager. They were GLAD to be able to say a good word. What an education on a first night to have sat near them in the pit and noted the seriousness with which they accepted each serious effort, with what gratitude they gave their recognition, with what readiness they bestowed their applause! It seems to me that, after the selfish pleasure one gets in going to the theater, the next best fun would be the privilege of pointing out to others, in a paper of a million readers, where they might find that same delight. And how much greater a privilege it must be to be able to tell, through the same medium, that person whose charm, talent, or genius you admire that the work he or she is doing is good, lasting, healthful, and inspiring. When a few months ago a New York critic rolled up his sleeves, and, casting caution and tradition to the winds, proclaimed the triumph of Bessie McCoy to his several hundreds of thousands of readers, I could have walked a good many miles to thank him. I had not then seen that young lady, I had not heard her sing. I was not then, as I am now, with the rest of the world, kneeling at her feet; but to read what that man wrote was as refreshing as rain in the spring-time. It was generous, enthusiastic, unselfish. And, much as I admire the Yama Yama lady, I as much more admire the critic who was grateful, and who was not ashamed to say so. Why to-day should it be so difficult to write a kind word, to pay the generous compliment, to signal, across the footlights, a deserving "Well done, Conductor!"

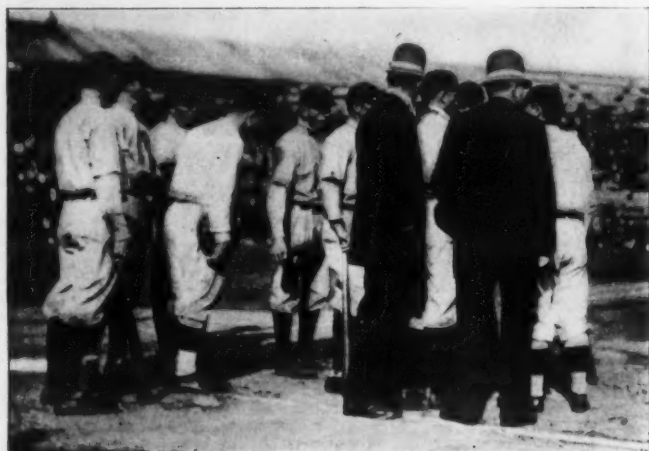
To be able, each morning, to point out to a million people the thing that is worthy in play-acting or play-writing, futile as play-acting and play-making are to many people, seems to me a delightful responsibility. But of availing himself of it the modern critic is not particularly eager.

Among the critics the most distinguished writer of English, and the one the others have presumably taken for their model, is Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the "Times" of London. His pose is typical. It explains and justifies all that is written here. A few days ago he attended the first night of the new play by the distinguished and delightful J. M. Barrie, and was generously pleased to like it. But, in his review, this is the concluding paragraph: "After all, it is sometimes a piece of real luck and happiness to spend an evening in the theater."

That is the attitude of mind toward the theater, of our present-day critics. After all, it sometimes happens to them that they can spend an evening in a playhouse and still be happy. What a light this throws on the lives of these martyrs! Consider the hard conditions of their servitude! To be condemned, night after night, to listen to bright speeches spoken by clever people, to music sung by trained voices, to watch the dancing of beautiful women, and, worst of all, to be surrounded by hundreds of ignorant human beings who find pleasure in these things, who are rocking with laughter, beating their palms in idiotic enjoyment. What a contempt the critics must feel for us! How lonely they must be! What an ass Mr. Walkley certainly is!



From "Coogan's Bluff," thousands of "fans" viewed the baseball game of October 8, between the Chicago and New York teams for the championship of the National League



An "argument" between the players before the game



Resourceful "fans"



More than 35,000 persons were in the grounds and on the roof

The Deciding Game

The Brief Story of "Larry" Doyle's Opportunity and of His Failure to Grasp It

By WILL IRWIN

YOUNG Larry Doyle walked out from the recess wherein the New York players fumed and fretted on their bench—a score of hardened professional baseball players behaving like a college nine. Before Doyle lay that opportunity which, we are officially informed, comes to a man only once in one lifetime. Tangibly, opportunity presented itself as a wide, circular bank of human beings who were straining their throats to call him by his first name. Inside that circle was a green field dotted with nine men in gray who were the Chicago National League team. Also, three New York players in white uniforms danced and fretted on the bases—which explains partly why Larry Doyle was facing oblivion or immortality as he moved in his little, choppy walk to the plate. Score, 4 to 1 against: three men on bases, no outs.

That does not explain it all, however. The events which neared a climax as Doyle approached the plate are part of national history. In the last month of the National League schedule for 1908, New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh struggled neck and neck. Chicago, perhaps the greatest playing machine ever known to the game, had been pegging along against an adverse fate which had brought twenty injuries in the course of one season. New York, less finished in method, but more powerful individually, had been clinging to its place by hard slugging and by the pitching of Mathewson the masterful. Pittsburgh had Hans Wagner, the man who knows that he is going to hit the ball whenever he faces the pitcher. On September 23, New York and Chicago met in the final game of their last series for 1908. The score was a tie until the last half of the ninth inning. With two out, a man on third, and Merkle, a young player, on first, Bridwell, the New York shortstop, made a one-base hit. The man on third came home. The audience poured into the field, for that should have won the game; in the eyes of New York it did win it. But—

Merkle, seeing the run come home, clung to the habits of the bush league from which they recruited him. He ignored the hollow formality of touching second base and sauntered toward the clubhouse. The alert Chicago players heaved the ball to second base. The umpires, under strict interpretation of the rules, had only one thing to do. They declared Merkle forced out, the run no good, the score a tie. The riot which followed this decision gave the teams no chance to play off the tie on that day.

Followed official protests and newspaper recriminations and much ferocity. President Pulliam of the

League stood by his umpires and declared the game a tie. The League directors, on appeal, confirmed this decision. New York, proceeding with the schedule, found that Philadelphia had a young pitcher named Covalleski, whom they could not hit, and Chicago had its ups and downs with Cincinnati. It became a possibility, a probability, a certainty, that the National League pennant for 1908 would depend on the play-off of that tie game. In the fortnight which brought this certainty, the baseball belt forgot everything else, even the national campaign. The finish in the American League, where Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago fought it out to the last game, did nothing to allay the excitement. A studious and serious soul, far out of touch with the currents of modern thought, traveled down the Michigan peninsula with a political special taking delegates to a convention in Detroit. He asked the delegates what they thought of Taft's chances. "Debs for Taft," said the statesmen; "did you know that Matty never faced Mordecai, Miner, Three-Fingered Brown and got away with the goods?" The most conservative Chicago newspapers gave baseball news preferred position on the front page. New York cafés took out their tickers—the crowds which struggled and cheered about them of late afternoons had become too much of a nuisance.

The Opening of the Great Game

THEY played off the tie in New York. All Chicago abandoned business to watch the bulletin-boards. All New York tried to get into the Polo Grounds. At a quarter of two, when the police closed all entrances and turned a hose on the crowd to preserve public safety, the park held nearly 30,000 people. In the streets outside or on Coogan's Bluff, where boys had been camping out all night, raged an overflow mob of 40,000 or 250,000 people, according to the newspaper which did the counting. In the boxes and stands was all New York that is New York—financial, artistic, dramatic, and Tammany. The brokers, stockholders, authors, and theatrical managers in the boxes made as much noise, showed as much violence, as the butcher on the bleachers or the office-boy on Coogan's Bluff; and the only bottle thrown at the Chicago catcher came from a section where it took both money and pull to get a seat.

When the five Chicago pitchers lined up like a chorus before the grand stand and began to shake out their arms, the noise became continuous. No "bursts of cheering" as at the hot passages of a minor game—just a tremendous, unbroken noise. It had, however, its emotional inflections. It was high and rather thin when the drawn, serious Mathewson stepped into the box and

felt the footing with his toes; low and wailing when Frank Chance, the Chicago leader, strode out on his bow-legs and cast his cool eye, which commands men, over the phalanxes of his enemies; deep, barking, and guttural when Chance and McGinnity stood by the plate and argued with waving arms over right to the practise field. Now New York had the field by full right, and now a bell must have rung somewhere, for Sheckard, the first Chicago batter, was at the plate, with Umpire Johnstone, facing death in a hundred forms, crouched behind the catcher.

Chasing Pfeister to the Bench

MATHEWSON, the mathematician of baseball, cast his eye over the team behind him, motioned this or that fielder to shift his position, measured Sheckard up and down with his eye, and made that easy motion of delivery which is the surprise of Mathewson—the speed of the ball is so disproportionate to his apparent effort. Strike one. The New York substitutes lost their professional calm and waved their legs up and down in excitement. Now Sheckard was out, now Evers, now Schulte—a clean blank in the first inning. The continuous shouting in New York rose to its diapason; in Chicago, they say, one could hear distinctly the gongs of the electric cars on La Salle Street.

New York came to bat; from Coogan's Bluff to the press box every one saw that Chicago was presenting a left-handed pitcher. Chance, the fox, had hidden his intention. Having promised Brown or Reulbach or Overall, he had slipped in Pfeister, who has always puzzled the Giants.

On this one great day of the game, these case-hardened professionals played with all the seriousness, all the suppressed excitement, of a college nine. For a grudge they played it so, for supremacy in their profession, and for the \$2,000 a man which a world's championship series brings. With Pfeister, when he took the box, walked Chance on one hand and Kling on the other; and as they walked they gesticulated at him with all four hands. Pfeister hits a man. Donlin makes a two-base hit and scores a run, and now Chance, already hoarse from the words he has been saying to the umpire, saunters over to Pfeister and puts him out of the box with two men on the bases. Pfeister, as he goes, opens the lower left-hand corner of his mouth and talks over his shoulder at Umpire Klem all the way to the benches.

The roar of joy from the New York stands dies in a gasp. The man who has stepped into the box, the big fellow with the stodgy face, the loose, awkward walk,

the tremendous shoulders—he is Three-fingered Brown, the ancient hoodoo of Christy Mathewson. No more runs that inning!

In the next inning a misjudged fly by the center fielder, perhaps a sixteenth of an inch too little control, perhaps a hundredth of an ounce too little power in those jumping curves of his—Mathewson is batted for one run, for two runs, for four runs!

It remained four to one through four silent innings, during which Mathewson steadied and held his own, during which Brown kept the New York batters tapping flies and grounders into the hands of the fielders. That Chicago infield, which seems to cover every inch of the diamond, killed yell after yell of New York exultation in its first syllable. Brown was pitching like a cannon, his team fielding like a machine.

And then the seventh, the inning when every one rises to stretch and to bring luck, by old tradition the rallying inning for New York. The gods of the superstitions served. A hit—a pass—a hit—the bases were full and no outs. And Mathewson, a pitcher and therefore a weak hitter, was next at bat. Manager McGraw of New York took sporting chances. He ordered Mathewson out of the game and put in Doyle, the regular second baseman, a heavy hitter, but just back from a month with the surgeons.

Of course, remembering that it was Merkle who dropped them into this hole, the dramatic, the artistic, thing to do would have been to lead Merkle up to the plate, hand him a bat, and say: "Now there's your chance; you did it. Undo it!" But McGraw is not an artist, only a crafty man of affairs. He simply picked the best batter on the bench and sent him in to bat for the championship and \$2,000. His fellows reverted to their childish back-lot days and crowded about Doyle, counseling with him over choice of bats, patting his shoulder, gesticulating before his face. Voices choked and tongues were thick, and a silence settled over the heart of New York.

Doyle was at the plate. Brown had made a pinwheel motion before his chest. The three New York runners crouched on the base lines. From the stands you could see the finish of Brown's inshoot curl itself about Larry Doyle's neck. "Ball one!" The last long and sincere yell of the game. You could see the next one shoot toward the ground. "Strike one!" Resumption of silence. Brown made a pinwheel motion again. "Crack!" Doyle had hit it. The yell died. The ball was only a very high, straight foul, and Kling, the unerring, was waiting below to receive it. Doyle was already as good as out.

But one in the throng had presence of mind; one

unknown hero risked his liberty on a last stroke to save his city. As the ball reached its zenith and dropped, a pop-bottle shot past Kling's head and broke beside the plate. The ball dropped in Kling's mitt. The stratagem had failed. The monument "To an Unknown Fan" will never be built.

After that, although the bases were still full with only one out, both the New York mob, emitting sounds in plenty from the benches, and the Chicago populace, yelling triumph in street and club and theater, knew that further struggle was of no mortal use. It mattered not that McCormick came in on a sacrifice fly. That but ended the scoring at 4 to 2 in favor of Chicago. And may one who detested Brown and Chance on that day of many rancors, who split his throat for Mathewson and called on his gods for Doyle, be permitted to venture the opinion that the best team won?

In a Broadway café, that night, a man said: "If Seymour had the sense of an ordinary college player, he'd have run like fury first and looked for the ball afterward." And another man said: "Oh, cut it out!" And another said: "What do you think Taft's chances are?" And another one said: "Bryan is the real conservative."

The bubble had burst.



"BILLY" SUNDAY, OF THE OLD CHICAGO "WHITE STOCKINGS"

The All-America Baseball Team

An Old Baseball "Star's" Choice of Modern "Stars"

By the Rev. W. A. SUNDAY

NAME an All-America team? That's no easy task, for the field is full of stars. There are by far a larger number of stars in the two major leagues to-day than at any other previous time, and to pick a team will be about as easy as taking a bone away from a bulldog or revising the tariff, and I believe even more difficult than revising the tariff, because more of the rank and file are interested in baseball.

As a fellow allows the splendid record of man

The Team

Clarke, lf.	Donlin, cf.	Cobb, rf.
Wagner, ss.	Lajoie, 2b.	
Bradley, 3b.	Chance, 1b.	
Mathewson, p.	Brown, p.	Walsh, p.
Joss, p.	Johnson, p.	Waddell, p.
Kling, c.	Bresnahan, c.	Sullivan, c.
Hoffman and Isbell, utility infield	Stone, outfield	

FIRST BASE and CAPTAIN—Chance. He has proved by past and present work that he is a great player, fast on the bases, a reliable batter, a great first "sacker," and a magnificent leader. Chase is a more finished player and very fast; and Tenney, if a few years younger, would make them all hustle. Jordan is also a great player.

SECOND BASE—Lajoie. He works as noiselessly as a Corliss engine, makes hard plays easy, is great in a pinch, and never gets "cold feet." Evers is coming at a furious clip—thinks quickly and acts like a steel trap; he is second choice.

SHORTSTOP—Wagner. He is in a class alone. "Hats off to Hans!" I fail to find a flaw. He is always there with the goods, express charges prepaid. Wallace is next choice.

THIRD BASE—This is difficult to decide, but, all considered, I will give it to Bradley, although Steinfeldt and Devlin are princes in their positions. Bradley is great on "bunts," and as good a batter as the others—is fast on bases and a good thrower—big, angular, just the build for a third-baser, a run-getter, and runs win. Devlin is second choice.

RIGHT FIELD—Cobb. I think most players in both leagues, without protest, will give the palm to "Ty." He is as fast as the Twentieth Century Limited, and a "heady" player. Magee of the Phillies suits me too.

CENTER FIELD—Donlin. Mike is a ball player, every inch, works all the time. Some players are no good after they reach second; they have made their base hit, stolen second, and are satisfied, and they might as well cross the diamond to the bench; but Mike goes for all there is in him for the home-plate, and you must touch the rubber to count. Stone of St. Louis is second choice.

LEFT FIELD—Clarke of Pittsburg looks good to me. He is in the game all the way. Jones of the Sox has all the earmarks, but after wrestling with the problem for three hours, it's Clarke.

PITCHERS—And now I am up against it good and hard for pitchers. There are a multitude of headliners. Rhoades, McQuillen, Powell, Cy Young, White, Donovan, Smith, Willis, Overall, Reulbach, Wiltse, and half a dozen others, but I would choose Mathewson, Brown, Walsh, Joss, Johnson, and Waddell, assuming that "Rube's" eccentricities are not overemphasized. For consistent work, under all conditions, and to meet all clubs and make good, week in and week out, and go all the way, I pick the above. I choose Johnson because he is young and has shown himself a wonder, and I believe him destined to be a great pitcher.

CATCHERS—Kling, Bresnahan, Sullivan. Kling is a general, runs the team when behind the bat—the pitchers bank on his judgment. Bresnahan is more aggressive, but a clean fighter. Sullivan is as reliable as Texas for a Democratic majority.

UTILITY MEN—Stone for outfield, Hoffman and Isbell for infield. I regard Hoffman and "Issy" as the best utility men in the business—you can assign them any position and they are there with the "cap and bells."

after man to pass before him for criticism, he feels more and more the danger of reflecting discredit upon men who are worthy the highest praise and fullest confidence. In the choice of men for some positions there can be no question as to whom a man should select; but, after all, this naming of an All-America team only calls forth personal opinion, and sometimes that personal opinion can not be taken too seriously.

For example: In naming my men the list filled long before I had exhausted the line of favorites. I look over my All-America and I can not dismiss even one man, yet around me are men whom I would name—men good as the very best—but my list is full.

The boys know that all kingly men can not sit upon a throne, and with the knowledge of other worthy men I proceeded to enthrone a few as all-Americans.



as a rule, are the best class of hale-fellows-well-met that can be found on the face of God's dirt. I would not have you be "grouchers" and "tight wads." No; if you were such, I could not be proud of the men of my old profession, but sometimes a man is a "good fellow" to his own hurt, and to the hurt of his loved ones.

Fellows, listen to me! You will not always be in the "spot light." Your eye will grow dim—you will get a "glass arm" or a "Charley horse"—down will come the "is" and up will go the "was" and you are all in, and pork and beans for yours. You work hard for your money. Get all you can and can all you get! Pass up the booze like a pay car does a tramp, or a W. C. T. U. Convention passes up a brewery wagon.

A Quick Decision

NOW a clip from history and I'll break my quill, for I am not a scribe anyway. It was just twenty-two years ago that I walked down State Street, Chicago, in company with some ball players whose names were world-renowned. We dropped into a booze-joint, tanked up, and sauntered down to the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, where we sat on the curbstone to listen to some men and women who stood on the street corner singing gospel hymns—songs that I had heard my dear old mother sing in the old log cabin out in Iowa. A feeling irresistible shot through me and I bowed my head to hide the tears. Then I said "Good-by, boys, I am done with this way of living." And, saying this, I dropped into the Pacific Garden Mission, at 100 East Van Buren Street, and yielded myself to God. But the battle came later, when I joined the church and the newspapers printed columns of comment. I dreaded to go to the grounds to practise for fear of the "horse laugh" the boys would give me; but, imagine my surprise, when I walked in the first man to meet me was Mike Kelly. Mike had a heart in him as big as a woman's heart. He said: "Bill, I ain't long on religion, but if old Kell can help you, let me know." Up came Cap. Anson, Pfeiffer, Williamson, Gore—in fact, every man gave me the "glad hand." That day we played Detroit, and in that game I prayed my first prayer. Clarkson was pitching, Kelly catching. John could sail them over so fast the thermometer would drop two degrees as the ball whizzed past the batter. We had them beat last half ninth, two were on bases, two out, Charley Bennett at bat. Charley could not touch a "high and in" ball, but could "kill" a low one. John shot one over and it went low—Charley caught it on the nose and out to right-center she came. It was up to me. I turned and ran with all my might, and I said: "O God! If ever you helped mortal man in your life, help me get that ball, and you haven't much time to decide." I looked over my shoulder and saw the ball near—I shot out my left hand, the ball struck and stuck. You can't convince me God did not help me that day, because I tried to "trot square."

And now, here is my heart! And here is my hand and best wishes to the boys and the greatest of all sports—baseball!

NOW I have named my men, and as I finish the task I feel the old baseball fever churning in my veins. It is the best of all games—this baseball—and I am twenty years younger to-day as I think my way back into days of old; the valiant deeds of the "gladiators" of the diamond of those days are forever enshrined in my heart. No lapse of time can ever efface them. I am not an "old-timer" to-day—I am young in heart, for time is measured by heart-beats, not by gray hairs and a bald spot. I am back on the diamond! Mike Kelly on the coaching line, yelling like a Comanche Indian! Anson at bat! Everybody breathless! "Whang!" The ball sails out over the fielders, the winning run crosses the plate, the shouts of triumph ring out, and we gather up our bats and go to the clubhouse. But I have not backslid; my interest and love for the old game have ever been intense, warm, and true. I believe baseball to be the cleanest sport in America, and I never miss an opportunity to go on record as its uncompromising friend. Gamblers have never been able to creep in and spoil the game. Men in control, both magnates and players, have always been united in the effort to keep the game clean. All this talk about baseball being crooked, the game being decided before it is played, is all bosh. Such a charge is an unmitigated lie. This is my conviction, and I would back up my statement with my reputation and all I have. I love baseball. I know the game is clean and will not allow to go unchallenged any false statements. Then, too, the game is not only clean but democratic—no favorites here. On the bleachers and in the grand stand all meet on a common level. The "old-time fan" may have a Wall Street broker, a college president, and a few others gather about him or sit close, in order to get pointers and listen to his "dope," but that's not favoritism! It is this democratic spirit and this cleanness that have given baseball such a grip on the American people.

Present and Past

THERE has never been witnessed such a magnificent contest as has been fought this year. No wonder the strain proved too much for my friend Frank De Hass Robinson. I do not believe the individual players of to-day are superior in ability to those of twenty years ago. Who can surpass such giants of the diamond as Ewing, Kelly, Conner, Keefe, Bennett, Anson, Pfeiffer, Dunlap, Brouters, Galvin, Clarkson, Radbourne, O'Rourke, Comiskey, Browning, Nash, Gore, and old Sam Thompson? However, the game has become more scientific; in fact, baseball, or at least the teamwork, is now a perfect science, while formerly it was a "batting fest."

Now, in conclusion, I want to say a word to the boys of the diamond, those who are now in their prime. You will not take this as a "preachment"—you will take the advice of an "old-timer" in the spirit in which it is given, for I am deeply interested in you. Ball players,

Plays and Players

Two English and Two American Plays of the Opening Season in New York

By ARTHUR RUHL



MISS BLANCHE BATES IN "THE FIGHTING HOPE"



MISS CARLISLE AND MR. COYNE IN "THE MOLLUSC"



SCENE FROM "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI"

AFTER young Mrs. Baxter had successfully eluded all his attempts to get her to put the flowers in water, Mr. Tom Kemp told his sister flatly that she was nothing more than a mollusc. It had been a long and stubborn battle, with a peculiarly humiliating conclusion—inasmuch as he had warned Mr. Baxter and the governess to watch what he would do—but, exasperated as he was, he put the facts mildly. This beautiful young woman was infuriating.

The Baxters lived in a country house, about thirty miles from London. One can imagine many houses similar to it, thirty miles or even less than that from New York—where all is sanitary, serene, and comfortable, and neither irregular hours nor undue enthusiasms, nor smoking in the parlor, nor wearying thought is permitted to cloud the mirror of the still domestic pond.

Mrs. Baxter was perfectly healthy, extremely good-looking, and she had a complete disinclination for exertion, physical or mental, of any kind whatsoever. With her beauty, a selfishness so complete as to have become quite unconscious, and a diabolical skill in placing other people at a disadvantage, she succeeded in avoiding all exertion and in bullying every one about her as completely as a school bully tyrannizes over younger boys with his superior strength. It was not by force, but by absolute inertia, that she did things. Her soft and indolent loveliness was as hard to penetrate as a battleship's armor or the walls of a Port Arthur. She would send her husband or the poor governess on the most abominably unnecessary errands with the confiding smile of one imparting some intimate joke, only understood by the two. Poor, patient, grandmotherly Mr. Baxter was henpecked, not by force or shrewishness, but by his own uxoriousness and his wife's complacent mollusery.

Not that she whined or refused to do things—she didn't refuse to put the flowers in water. Indeed, she was glad to arrange them, if Tom would but bring her a vase—and as she was comfortably reclining with a novel at the time, Tom found it no more than decent to get the vase, although he had firmly determined that his sister should do it all, without help. The vase brought, there was the water to be thought of, and the nearest tap was outside in the garden. Tom got the water, too, at last, and *now* was she ready to arrange the flowers? Yes, all ready, Tom, but I must go upstairs and get my apron first. What—ridiculous? Why, he surely wouldn't have her spoil that new frock for a few flowers, would he? Meanwhile, there lay the flowers wilting, and the result was, as always, that Mrs. Baxter had her way and some one else did the work. It was a sort of Doll's House, with a voluntary Nora.

It was the same when Miss Roberts wanted to leave. Miss Roberts was herself a lady who had lost all her family in a shipwreck and been forced to become a governess. She was capable and thoughtful and self-sacrificing, and hands, feet, and brain for Mrs. Baxter. The governess felt, however, that the children needed a better teacher and that it was her duty to go, but it was impossible to get Mrs. Baxter to discuss the matter. She was always too tired, or some convenient errand appeared. The poor young lady might actually have been immured there until she was old and gray, had not Tom Kemp come back from Colorado.

It is the latter's efforts to cure his sister's mollusery and, incidentally, to woo Miss Roberts which supplies the slight action necessary to propel this original and altogether delightful comedy. One expects, of course, a sort of Katharine and Petruchio result, but the author has had the happy insight not to permit any improbable reformation. Only once does the young woman show the slightest human appreciation of her own enormities, and that is when, as her brother furiously informs her that she is wearing that lovely dressing-gown and lying on the divan pretending to be sick merely because she knows it makes her look pretty, a beatific smile slowly spreads over her face, and she slips down a little bit farther on the pillow, with the egoistic rapture of one slipping slowly into a hot bath. She is, to be sure, galvanized into pseudo-activity when her husband instinctively turns to the governess after spraining his ankle—Mrs. Baxter had sent him upstairs to move the furniture

—and she undertakes to act as nurse. Even here, however, she is quite true to her character and more complacent than ever, smilingly oblivious to the fact that her husband is writhing in pain, she is vigorously winding the bandage around his leg over boots, trousers, and all as the curtain falls.

None of the other plays thus far presented this season has the fine, deft completeness of this. There are only four characters (would it not be an amusing intellectual exercise to take this almost Ibsen-like household—indolent wife, enchanted husband, trim, capable governess usurping the former's place—and try to rewrite the play as Ibsen would have written it!) and the whole flows as naturally as a brook. Slight as it is, it is more like Molière—this interest centered from first to last in the satirical exposition of one character—than most comedies of the day.

Mrs. Baxter was played by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, and after basking in the latter's loveliness for two hours and a half, it is difficult to imagine that the part was written for any one else. Possibly it wasn't. Mr. Joseph Coyne, familiar of old in musical comedy, comes back from England as a regular comedian. He lacked distinction, but as Tom Kemp is supposed to have just returned from a rough-and-tumble life in Western mining camps, his defects conveniently merged into the requirements of the part. Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson made an excellent ladylike governess, and Mr. Forrest Robertson a really remarkable, highly domesticated husband, even to the least well-meaning, helpless intonation of his voice. "The Mollusc" was written by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, author of "Cousin Kate." It is one of those all too infrequent plays which really contribute something. It answers successfully the question—why, when life itself is so rich and interesting and there are so many remarkable real people to meet and listen to, should any one ever want to pay money to be shut up in a theater?

Further Petrification of Mr. John Drew

ANOTHER English play, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw," does not successfully answer this question. This piece represents about the shallowest type of entertainment devised by contemporary man. It is a "society" play, without either the wit or the graceful sentiment which are such plays' only excuse for being. Much of the interest centers in the vulgarities of a new-rich family, especially of the Malapropian Mrs. Parker Jennings. Such people are by no means new to the stage, yet Mr. Maugham seems almost to go out of his way to put into their mouths all the oldest, most hackneyed lines, and instead of treating them with good-humored tolerance, and letting the audience laugh at their amusing pretensions and awkwardness, he has the artistic tactlessness to make them so shockingly mean and brutal that the spectator's instinct promptly revolts. He feels that the author is not giving his characters a sporting chance—few can be as relentless as the British when they turn to rend their own—and the genial sparkle of comedy is hopelessly lost.

Mr. Drew plays the part of an adventurous Pomeranian archduke who delights in knocking about the world in various disguises. He first meets and is insulted by the Jenningses, while acting as a waiter in a London hotel. He is later introduced to them as the archduke by people who think he is only a waiter, and presently tell the Jenningses so, when the joke seems to be going so far. Odd complications naturally arise, and it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Drew does the little required of him with perfect ease.

He enters, touches a hand to his cravat, delivers a few lines of that quaint, "modish" patter of his, with final g's dropped, turns a hand back-upward at about the level of his lower coat pocket and deprecatingly surveys his finger-nails, sits down and with light deliberation flecks his right trousers leg along the crease; presently, with a line which leaves him master of the situation, stalks out of the door at the rear of the stage, elbows slightly out, like some curious, stiff-necked, extremely aristocratic bird. It is rather useless to con-

sider the artistic merits of such a play, because, in this case, the public wants primarily to see, not the play but Mr. Drew—not what Mr. Drew could do, even now, nor what he might naturally have become had he not petrified so early, but the reduced, conventionalized, smoothly enameled and highly solidified general John Drew idea which the public seems to demand. They get it and are apparently satisfied.

An Honest Senator Discovered

THE first act of "A Gentleman from Mississippi" takes us to Washington, at the beginning of the Congressional session and to the lobby of the International Hotel. Senator Langdon, the new Senator from Mississippi, is just about to arrive with his fiery young son and his two pretty daughters. Any one who knows those antique caravansaries well down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, where the Southern statesmen gather with their wives and daughters in the patriarchal Southern way, will easily recognize the place and be entertained with its truth to life.

We hear the gossip of the hotel clerk and the cigar-man and the newspaper "boys." We observe the negro porters and the broken-down old Union colonel, who uses the hotel's easy chairs and stationery—"because, sir, it would grieve my daughter in Illinois to think that I was not able to afford a room in a good hotel." The wicked reactionary Senators—Peabody of Pennsylvania and Stevens of Mississippi—pass through, telling how they have elected the guileless Langdon to use him for their predatory purposes. Then the Senator arrives, shakes hands affably with the clerk and the cigar-man, introduces his daughters to both with quaint, formal courtesy. He is surprised not to find in the cigar-case a "Yazoo Belle" and other brands with which he is familiar. Young "Bud" Haines, correspondent of the New York "Star," interviews the new Senator, and is visibly attracted by his daughters. The boy and the old gentleman strike up a friendship at once and the former engages to act as the latter's secretary as the curtain goes down. All in all an excellent first act, full of truth and humor and promise of interesting things to come.

When the action begins, however, the authors are scarcely so successful. The political maneuvers, worked out with such apparent satisfaction by the people on the stage, are almost too infantile. The climax which honest Senator Langdon promises scarcely arrives. It is stated, rather than made visible, dramatically. Nevertheless, there is a certain suspense, the reactionaries are worsted, the naval station goes to Alcoa without profiting the Standard Steel Company, and "Bud" Haines wins Miss Hope Langdon's heart and hand.

This is the first appearance of Mr. Harrison Rhodes as a playwright, although he is known to magazine readers. Mr. Thomas A. Wise assisted in writing the play, and he also acts the principal part and makes the honest old Senator very natural and likable indeed. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is breezy and attractive as the young reporter. It was a pretty device of the authors to put these two together—the sophisticated youth serving as political guide and friend to his simple old employer. The play is not remarkable, but it is agreeable, and, with its lively contemporary quality, ought to be popular.

An American Won't-Grow-Up

"MATER," the other of these two plays by young Americans, is the work of Mr. Percy Mackaye, whose "Jeanne d'Arc" Miss Marlowe played a few seasons ago, and whose "Sappho and Phaon" was an all too brief, if a trifle exotic, episode of last winter. In this "American study in comedy," Mr. Mackaye speaks in prose and employs the material surfaces, at least, of our every-day life. And as he does this without sacrificing imagination or beauty of expression, the result is something much more suited to our own time than even excellent experiments in the antique poetic drama.

The play is a sort of prose fantasy, in which Mr. Mackaye enters those more intimate human regions explored by Mr. Barrie in "Peter Pan" and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "Mater," that is to say, concerns itself

(Continued on page 21)

Writing and Playwriting

The Difference: "Novels are Written, Plays are Rewritten"

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The Theatrical Rest Cure

(From The Confessions of a Pessimistic Playwright)

By WALLACE IRWIN

THE Managers say
That the Tired Business Man
He goes to a play
With the preconceived plan
Of seeing a show
Where he's not asked to think.
(And it's often I know
He's been driven to drink!)

HE doesn't want Plot
And he doesn't want theme;
Some songs and a lot
Of bright lights are the scheme
Which his soul most invites
After T. B. M. dines;
So they give him bright lights
For the lack of bright lines.

A FUNNY Act born
Of both slapstick and slang
An Infant might scorn
As too rattlely-bang;
But the Man, tired of rush,
Craves the Noisily Dull
Like a cushion of mush
Round his overworked skull.

AS for Sentiment's part—
Well, on *that* he'll be fed
If it touches his heart
Without scratching his head;
And of Love he is fond
If you'll give him a sop—
But, oh, *don't* go beyond
The light skinnings on top!

HANG a Faree on the peg
Of some silly romance,
Show a fluff and a leg
In a song and a dance:
He is charmed, he is thrilled
To Life's uttermost span—
All the Cosmos is filled
For the Tired Business Man.

AND they say with accord
When his office is locked
He is easily bored
But not easily shocked.
With the rottenest play
And the playfulest rot
He will finish his day
And then home to his cot.

THIS the Managers tell
To the T. B. M.'s shame;
But I wonder—ah, well!—
Is the T. B. to blame?
If he swallows the worst
That the Managers give
Should they call him accursed?
If he *can*, let him live!

WHEN a novelist delivers the manuscript of a book to his publisher his troubles are over. He can go away and forget about it or sit down and write another book. But when a dramatist turns over the "script" of his play to the stage-manager his troubles have just begun. Also, for that matter, his fun, for putting on a play is probably the most trying and amusing experience of the whole writing industry.

In fiction the author designs and finishes the whole work, from conception to execution, like a painter of pictures. The manuscript of his story is practically the finished product as it comes to the consumer, except that it is typewritten instead of type. But the manuscript of a play is no more a play which people will pay money to see than an architect's blue-print is a house for a family to live in.

It is all there potentially—or ought to be—just as the complete house can be visualized by the architectural imagination, from water-tight garret to rat-proof cellar, with the effect of shadows under the eaves, vines on the walls, and the tone of time over all. The playwright can see every gesture, hear every syllable, feel the effect of every little pause and shading—far more charmingly in his mind, by the way, than he will ever realize in actuality. He can even hear a "storm of applause."

Some Human Limitations

TO achieve these concrete results in actuality, the architect and the playwright have to take into account not only their own more or less magnificent limitations, like the artist and the novelist; but also, unlike these, who stand or fall by their own talents, unhampered (and unaided), they must take into account, whether it suits their artistic consciences or not, the extremely human limitations of a number of other human beings, and the natural depravity of inanimate objects—bricks, memory, prejudices, parsimony, recklessness, rocks, trades unions, mortar-mixers, managers, time-tables, painters (scene and house), actresses, ambitions, solvency, stupidity, skill. Here is where the trouble and the fun and the differences come in. A playwright has to work with and through a number of other human beings, some of whom are trying to work the playwright.

Plays are not written to be read. If they were they would be written differently. They are written to be played, quite as much as music is written to be played. If you can really "get more out of a play by reading it" than by seeing it played, then it must be a case of a bad play or bad players. In a successful piece a few seasons ago there was a nursery scene. The children are at supper. Their grandmother comes in. She is unpopular there, and the audience soon perceives it by their manner. Presently the grandmother retires. The children at once burst into a charming pandemonium of rejoicing, shouting in their treble voices, and beating upon the china with their knives and forks. It was very interesting and effective. The "script" reads something like this:

Exit GRANDMOTHER

First Child—Grandmama's gone (beats on table with knife).

Second Child—Grandmama's gone (same business).

Third Child—Grandmama's gone (same business).

So some of the literary critics when this play was published said the dialogue was deadly. It was not written to be read.

When it comes to the very practical undertaking of putting on a play, the analogy to the architect's problem breaks down—to the advantage of the architect. Every man thinks his own profession the most difficult that civilization has yet evolved—because, as a rule, he sees only the finished results of other professions from the point of view of a consumer. Architects have other troubles besides strikes, panics, and clients' wives, but, at all events, when they specify one T-shaped steel girder 22 feet 6 inches long, they get it. A playwright can specify one willowy-shaped, beautiful leading lady, 5 feet 7, with great charm and an aristocratic bearing. But suppose they are out of them? Perhaps the one he needed is now playing in "The Cuckoo Clock" or "The Woman He Might Have Married." Suppose he gets one who looks the part, but has too much temper or too little temperament. Suppose she insists upon grabbing the hero's hands in the love scenes, ably abetted by the stage-manager. ("By the way, possibly, perhaps—do you think you would do quite that, under the circumstances?" asks the playwright tactfully. "Sure! If I was crazy about him!") Suppose her feelings are hurt,

and at the last moment she leaves the cast (for a better engagement or where she can have the star's dressing-room). A raw understudy is pushed in, and this is not a very strong girder to hold the house with.

(Just note, in passing, the advantages of my own profession. A fiction writer can have as beautiful a heroine in his book as he likes, and she can't get out. She can be more beautiful than any heroine ever was before. If you don't believe it he will tell you so again for several pages, along with what she is thinking and what she did and where she was day before yesterday. For he is under no necessity to finish in three hours to enable the commuters to catch their trains—they can read his story on the train. And in addition to all her other qualities described, she can have an indescribable something. Now, no leading lady can have that. If she had, the press agent would lose his job.)

Another drawback to writing plays is that you have to read them. You have to read them aloud. An architect does not live in the house he builds. He can "express himself" in his work, and then, like the fiction writer, go away and build other houses and let his client revise the frozen plumbing system. The playwright not only must read his play before and after its several revisions ("novels are written, plays are rewritten") to the manager while the latter discusses bookings with some one in a distant State over the long-distance telephone and dictates replies to letters which he holds in the other hand, but also, which is worse, to the whole company.

It is no use reminding them that it is for their own good and hurts you more than it does them. They don't look at it that way. They are only thinking about their own parts, which by a singular coincidence happen to be the "smallest" they have condescended to in years. They consider this a personal slight by the author, who has never seen half of them before. They feel all the more unappreciated when during rehearsals he fails to take their kindly-meant suggestions for rectifying this oversight, and thus "strengthen the whole play." Lines, more lines, are what they want—and naturally; lines are their nuggets. "I beg your pardon, but I was just thinking," is the way they usually begin.

Some of these suggestions are so laughable that it is hard not to laugh. Others are excellent. If all were followed the commuters would not get out of town until after the milk trains came in. Once during a critical stage of rehearsals, when every one was getting on every one else's nerves, with the women all weeping and the men all swearing, one member of the cast, given to this, came down to the unlighted footlights and began: "I was just thinking—"

"If you think again," came back from the dark orchestra, "you'll lose your job. You're here to act, not to think." He was probably an experienced dramatist. The inexperienced playwright is more likely to say: "Thank you. I'll see what can be done;" or, "When I wrote that part I little knew we were going to have you in it." Which is probably true. The manager had asked him to write out an ideal cast, and he handed in a list containing names like Richard Mansfield, William Gillette, Mrs. Fiske, and Julia Marlowe. This, by the way, was exactly what the manager wanted in order to gage the author's conception of the general type.

Afterward the manager consulted him about a less ideal cast. "How will John Jones do for the 'heavy'?"

"Jones?" asks the young playwright, wondering who in the world Jones is, and trying to look judicious. "Well, in some ways it would fit John like a glove. What do you think?"

... Jones it is.

"And now for the women. Any on this list suit you?"

The playwright probably picks out the one with the prettiest name, and then leaves the decision to the manager, who was going to decide it all along. Meanwhile the young playwright is beginning to feel his oats. He is consulted, or thinks he is, on so many matters, is called up on the telephone by actors out of a job, is requested to pass upon the models of the sets (miniature stages drawn to scale) to make sage suggestions about the paper (the bill-posters). Finally by the end of the month when the dress rehearsal is over, and the production is ready and great theater vans are bearing off his scenery for his play, with trunks labeled, "The King's Favorite Company (hotel)," or "The King's Favorite Company (theater)," and the press-agent has described his modest attainments modestly, and the actresses hang upon his utterances, and the play is actually put on, it is no wonder if his head has increased. And if the play makes a hit he is likely to lose it entirely. The actors call this "authoritis."

In "stock-houses" where they offer a new play every week—two performances daily—there are, accordingly,

(Continued on page 22)

Dilsey May



ER
EUSE

Matinees Daily 2:15

AUG. 8.

Limited Engagement

Peter's Play

Which Was Not Wholly Without a Happy Ending

By VIRGINIA TRACY

unchallenged, but for those other women, sweet and fair and kind like her, creatures of brightness and music, favorites of a moment, before they are left with oarless hands on the edge of the Niagara that bears them down. Out of the abrupt lights and shadows of stages and restaurants, of failure and want and Broadway, there emerged for him a face very piteous and very dear, there grew into his fancy, into his play, a creature not Dilsey and yet Dilsey, a small, bright figure, quite alone, trying with smiles and softness and quick, weary feet to dance its way against the monstrous juggernaut of the world, until she in her turn became only a type, a symbol, one among that great ballet made up of sweetness and perfume and youth, of brave little, ignorant, drifting girls with poor families clinging to their spangled skirts, with base advisers adjusting their fans, threatened on one side with the dishonor of luxury, of power and freedom, and on the other with the dishonor of poverty, of the abuse and insult that go with poverty, its loneliness, its starvation, its swift age, its incessant struggle even to keep one's footing, without rest, without peace, in the constant truckling and submission of impotence and its wracking, midnight fear. Thus Peter had really something to say, and with the patientest labor and cunning he had found a way to say it. This obscure little boy was an artist and no more. What sort of guarantee was it for his future that he would never be less? The hoarse clangor of the last bell broke out upon the house, warning the laggards, and down in the street the growing waves of business seemed ready to beat about and swallow down his single sail.

Peter did not chatter downstairs as usual that day, and he carried a despondent cap of his nervously into breakfast with him. The clerks, the salesladies, the teachers were all gone. Amid their uncleaned plates and the dusty shades and odors of the half-lit basement a luxurious lady-typist sat in splendor, genteely moving her highly manicured fingers, turning and pruning a beplumed head; nearer the window a book agent, kept at home by la grippe, was reading jokes on women to her from his newspaper. This gentleman paid no attention to Peter, who was physically and socially beneath his notice, but between his guffaws the typist turned to Peter and asked: "Your show go on s'afternoon?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Dilsey May's gone from there, hasn't she?"

"No, she dances there to-day."

"What! on a Monday?"

"Yes, Bill Baxter, one of the Esmondi Brothers, broke his ankle and they haven't been able to get any headliner in his place till to-morrow."

"A gentleman friend o' mine told me she was crazy to get that father o' hers out o' town."

"Well, they've paid him pretty well to have her stay over. And then she wanted to see my play."

"To see your play?"

He could have bitten his tongue out for having told it; he took a long poisonous swallow of coffee instead. The typist looked out of the window to a bill-board across the street where a full-length figure of Dilsey kicked amid a cascade of laces, its golden heels above its plumed head.

"To see your play?"

"Yes."

"Dilsey May!" A silence. "What she want to see it for? She a friend of yours?"

"No."

"Know her at all?"

"She speaks to me sometimes, around the theater." Did he know that in this pitiful boast he had confessed that in the pride of his humility he had betrayed his heart's secret? He pushed away at any rate his frowzy napkin, his muddy cup, his plate of greasy, leathery food, and took his manuscript to his breast. Rising for flight, he was stayed by the lady's pomp of satire. "Maybe she wants to buy it and produce it, does she?"

"She doesn't care; her father wants to see how it goes, he may buy it."

The lady regarded his small figure, his cropped head, the cloth cap that he crushed in his hand, his ready-made last year's clothes; then she looked across again at the flying glories of Dilsey May and they seemed to throw him into dingier shadow. Plainly she did not believe him. So she sped an avenging arrow. "Well, they better get something new for her, her dance doesn't go any more. Every other she's tried the last two years's been a failure. I don't wonder she wants to see if she can act some. She's about played out. If you think you can get any money out of her you better do it before her father's gambled her last dollar away. You know," she continued in a friendly tone, "that engagement he tried to make for her in London all fell through. And another thing, my gentleman friend says all the swell fellers have begun to run after that French girl. That rate, nobody'll want to book her any more, she'll be down and out. I guess she's played the goody-goody game just a little bit too long. Though nowadays they do say—" Peter looked at her and she stopped; he went out.

She and the book agent put their heads together, and she finished her anecdote to him; Peter heard their greedy laughter guzzle forth as he slammed the area gate. He told

himself that he would never come back again, never, not to that woman, to that man, that room even, to such life, such conditions. To-day was the end of it. It was the end of all things, for to-day was the day of his play. He could see nothing beyond that—his horizon was close to his eyes.

THE carpenters were making day hideout when Peter passed through the stage door. In the gray light, like dust and water mixing, were people huddled on broken chairs, clustered behind ends of scenery, or walking distractedly up and down, jabbering to themselves Peter's dear lines—sleepy people up late and early, men with new parts to learn, women with three or four dresses to prepare each week, who yet rehearsed every morning, played every afternoon, played every evening, week after week, month after month, without pausing, without breath—what did they care for Peter's play? He never went into the theater without having this damp cloth of indifferent reality fall over his head. Mr. Greiner, the stage-manager, met him and told him that really the play did need brightening up a little.

Peter always sat at the prompt table or down in front near the orchestra; he had all the conspicuous odium of authorship without its authority—young and incompetent people bursting with theories disputed every inch of his suggestions on the ground of some very modern production they had half-digested; others who had played in "East Lynne" and "The Octoroon" before he was born wondered what that little snip thought he could teach them; the stage-manager consulted him constantly about the best way of grouping or dispersing the actors so as to show off the stage-setting. "I don't want Miss —" train to cover that tiger-skin." "I want a strong light in this scene—what? Well, then, my dear fellow, the portières will show for nothing, and I could hardly persuade them to rent me those portières." Through the banging crash of the carpentry came indistinctly to Peter the mumble of his lines; it seemed to him that the buzz of the groups waiting to take up their cues was unusually animated. By and by Greiner explained to him that the gossip was about little Miss May. She had come early and all alone to watch the rehearsal; a few moments ago a boy in uniform had insisted upon seeing her and giving her a package; she had opened it before them all and discovered to the public view a necklace of large diamonds. No wonder people buzzed. She had put the necklace on her hand-bag without a word and gone out front. Peter turned, and his eyes found her there sitting in the dark among the cleaners, and the face that was staring at the stage, propped on its gauntleted little fist, looked pale to him under its heavy flashing feathers. When he turned back to the stage again he had a moment's hateful disaffection toward the large redundancy of the lady who was to play his Columbine.

That lady was just saying: "You know, there really isn't much color to it, Mr. Brewer, for this kind of a character." She spoke as if appealing to his sense of justice. "Is that fireplace practicable, like?" the stage-manager interrupted the heavy man to demand.

The last rehearsal was really begun.

ABOUT half-past one the cold and unsparing electric light revealed the empty auditorium—the pale blue plush of the upholstery and the scant yellow satin draperies that mingled with it, the vacant gape of the boxes with their stiff chairs, neatly and closely packed, cane-seated, but enameled in dirty white and tricked with gilding, it glared upon the advertisements of chewing-gum and insect-powder on the curtain, painted in amid the pink and red, the ginger and emerald and azure garments of fearful foreigners busy at one of their blighting festivities in some satin-draped, marble-stepped fountain-vistaed park with boiled, jointy cupids simpering in the skies. Into this sympathetic interior strayed at intervals families of innocent Germans bearing paper bags, gay, noisy salesmen of lesser politicians, large ladies of chesty figures with elaborate heads, wearing strong silk gowns and diamond horse shoes, vague, undeveloped boys reeking of cigarettes and non-employment, flushed schoolgirls with soiled light gloves and candy-boxes, one or two third-rate journalists, an actor or so, idle and therefore censorious—this was Peter's jury.

Peter came out past the yellow-satin boxes and sat down in one of the blue plush chairs. The orchestra had just ceased its scraping, dental preliminaries and at that moment started on the overture. Peter sat very still looking down, compressing his lips, but with his round bullet head straight and high; presently his heart gave a great leap, turned over in his throat, and then went down and down and down into some sunless sea; for a moment he could not think nor breathe; the house was darkened but a great light dazzled his eyes, then he lifted them like a soldier to the stage. The curtain was going up.

The bright mist cleared. He looked upon a strange, horrible interior. Was this garish, unfriendly, inexpressive thing the room whose atmosphere he had created so tenderly, so faithfully, with such minute and scrupulous touches? Oh, yes he had seen it before, from behind the curtain—its cut velvet and best mahogany-finish furniture its imitation onyx ornaments, its rubber plants and tidies! They had even told him it would look richer from the front. Never mind, he told himself, and never mind indeed, for it

IT WAS the morning before the first performance of Peter's play, and Peter, who had not slept, could not eat. The breakfast bell had clashed through the murky halls of his boarding-house some time ago, but what is food to a dramatist who approaches his last rehearsal? This rehearsal was to be held at nine-thirty that forenoon, because at that twice-a-day stock with high-class vaudeville between the acts where they were going to do Peter's play for a week because they couldn't get anything else so cheap just then, they had to be thankful for all the work hours they could snatch. Peter's own employers downtown had been very lenient about letting him off for bits of the rehearsals, and he was to have the whole of this one day. If he had looked like a poet they would never have put up with him, but they were amused almost to tenderness even in their business lair by the thought of artistic inspirations in anything at once so solid and so quick as little Brewer.

Peter took his manuscript out of the washstand drawer, he examined and then tied it up with the eye of a critic but the touch of a lover. Of course it was his first play. Of course it dealt with that erring lady who in some form or other must still be written about by generous boys if they are to write at all. But let there be no mistake about the play itself. Peter was a genius, a hint was enough for him, and life to her passionate observers, her true lovers even in third-rate boarding-houses, is lavish with her hints. It was easy for young Mr. Brewer to make things live; if his chief difficulty so far had been to live himself that was one of the details which he had really been too busy to observe.

The idea of his play had come to him through a semi-human fancy, the phantom of a small and living figure, the fairy vision of a girl, a dancer, which had shone before the eyes of many a clerk, of many a drummer when a certain Dilsey May first spread her skirts behind the vaudeville footlights. Through how many young men's dreams had she not danced and gleamed and faded during the four years in which the brain of the budding dramatist had kept her wholly bright and safe, her bloom unbrushed, on an arrested wing! His sentiment had not begun to take dramatic form until there crept in upon his consciousness those insinuations, those tawdry rumors over which the steps of dancers take their way. Then it glowed into life like a lighted lamp. Not that he believed them, but he began to feel their probability, the assumption by all the men he knew of the improbability of anything else; he began to study the conditions of her life, of her chances and future, and from all this there grew in him a great championship, not indeed for Dilsey May, whom he let pass at least

the set was
was fondly
audience. T
the duke, a
heroine has
tress, and
they had co
and stock em
they saw thi
settle back t
they felt th
So in thi
Peter's brain
heroine was
herself on "fi
leading man
genue's mind
and the seco
sympathy, ye
there began t
and the ghos
imperative s
which appeal
that they fol
dividual thin
right that Pe
curtain came
around eager
first audience
caught the e
He shook the
month. "Ne
you up yet.

Was that
with those w
ing, or was t
in the play
opened eyes?
not grip, Pe
compare. It
wrong his so
audience and
eyes wandere
them seize u
relieved lau
thought they
ment the act
out of the p
good strong p
gether, and i
it was also r
wrong? He
testing and
lessly. Wha
He stared at
ence, respect
secret that w
do it? Tha
Would that l
skin began to
the image of
sense of conf
and would do
shoulder, and
man in a wil
and boutinm
exaggerated.
grandeur of
and implore
he asked Pe
little girl's
of business, I
followed him
It wanted s

It wanted s

M

After man
Peter was fo
him her han
child's, but
before his ar
to business v
there silently
kerchief, and
imured to th
that he had
was telling
could be don
written with
at this he w
smile of abs
render as th
labor! Mr.
it would be
was all very
wouldn't sta
prepared for
fusing him

the set was strange to Peter, unfriendly, inexpressive, it was fondly familiar and suggestive to the members of the audience. They had seen it often before as the library of the duke, as the bridal suite of the hotel to which the heroine has been lured, as the lair of the red-gowned adventures, and thus as far as it could it promised them what they had come there for—a repetition of stock situations and stock emotions exploited by popular personalities; when they saw this set and Mr. — and Miss — they could settle back to their nibbling, their fanning, and coughing; they felt that their afternoon was safe.

So in this cordially complacent atmosphere the people of Peter's brain began to speak. What though the gentle little heroine was represented by a strenuous person who prided herself on "figure," what though heavy had a cold and the leading man didn't know his lines, what though the ingenue's mind was far away with her daughter's wedding, and the second woman, written as a bully, would play for sympathy, yet, out of all this inattention and unsuitability there began to lift its voice, there among the rubber-plants and the ghosts of aristocratic villains, a more vivid and imperative spirit, something very dramatic, very delicate, which appealed more and more to the actors themselves so that they followed it with a rising pulse. Where every individual thing was wrong there yet was something left so right that Peter had the courage to be satisfied. When the curtain came down he forced himself to relax, to look around eagerly upon the audience—upon his audience, his first audience; across a fearful yawn of empty seats he caught the eye of a girl who was chewing gum. He shook the taste of that cold water from his mouth. "Never mind!" he thought. "I'll wake you up yet. I suppose you want to be waked up!"

Was that where he was wrong? Was the fault with those who wished to stay asleep and dreaming, or was there something too exact and exquisite in the play itself, fit only for alert and widely-opened eyes? As the second act went on and did not grip, Peter began to wonder, to examine, and compare. It was all right to him and stirred and wrung his soul, but it went over the heads of his audience and left them baffled; their poor bored eyes wandered in gloom; it was pathetic to see them seize upon what they thought funny, the relieved laughs that they gave when they thought they understood. Under such discouragement the acting drooped, the informing life went out of the performance; somehow, somewhere, a good strong pull was needed to get everything together, and if all this was breaking Peter's heart it was also rousing his spirit. Exactly what was wrong? He seemed to take his play in his hands, testing and weighing it, and it responded flawlessly. What was the matter? He *couldn't* know. He stared at the fuddle-headed sphinx of an audience, respecting it, trying, trying to guess the secret that would pierce it. Would his third act do it? That was his most telling, vital point. Would that lift the fog, rend the cloud? Or—his skin began to creep and his blood chilled. Then the image of that third act brought back his sense of confidence, of power. Oh, yes, that must and would do it! Just then he felt a touch on his shoulder, and, looking up, beheld a sickly, seedy man in a wilted light suit with an effect of jewelry and boutonnières, which Peter's distaste may have exaggerated. He had a shuffling, unconvincing grandeur of deportment which was entirely gentle and implored one to have pity on its decay. When he asked Peter if he couldn't come back to the little girl's room and have a talk about a matter of business, Peter rose with a pounding heart and followed him. For this was Dilsey's father.

It wanted some minutes still to that third act.

MISS MAY'S dressing-room was no bower. It was small and quite airless and very hot and bright with gas; on its dingy white-washed walls hung a couple of stage dresses protected by a packing-sheet; her street clothes were huddled, sheetless, on some nails behind the door, as if they were of no account; there were old slippers and artificial flowers on the shelves; there were two chairs, woven of dirty gilt straw, condemned from service in stage settings; on the other chair of the wooden "kitchen" sort, amid this heavy reek of gas and make-up powder and perfume and heat, with her crossed silken feet on the rungs of the gilt straw and her foaming skirts spread round her in a conflagration of satin and chiffon, of spangles and poppies, sat Dilsey May in her dancing-dress.

After many days of a nodding acquaintance, Peter was formally introduced. Miss May gave him her hand, as small and cold as a frightened child's, but she said nothing; her eyes fluttered before his and dropped. After he had sat down to business with her father, she continued to tilt there silently, crimping the edges of a lace handkerchief, and by and by Peter became sufficiently inured to this to become aware of Mr. May and that he had ceased to drone out platitudes. He was telling Peter about something he thought could be done with the piece, how it could be rewritten with a happy ending. If Peter's hair rose at this he was still able to put forward the pale smile of absolute decision; not for such a surrender as that had he delivered up his youth to labor! Mr. May went on to state that otherwise it would be useless to his daughter. Tragedy was all very well for big women, but the public wouldn't stand for it in little ones. He seemed prepared for such a sentimentality as Peter's refusing him at first, and equally prepared for

seeing it crushed beneath his own announcement of a backer whom he would undertake to interest in it under those changed conditions. He became flushed and uneasily excited when he spoke about the backer; he had never felt really sure of him until lately; his daughter had always been so—but now, he thought he might consider himself prepared to undertake financial obligations. What he was not prepared for was Peter's enduring obstinacy. He asked him if he knew what a chance he was losing and what it meant to him to have his first play flung back on his hands, and Peter said: "Oh, yes, I know." He wouldn't, then, consider, under the advice of older and wiser heads, for his own advantage? He couldn't, Peter said. Mr. May got angrily to his feet and declared that there was no more to be said then! Peter rose too, and then Mr. May said at any rate he would go in front and see how the third act went. He had a wager on with the leading man that there would be more than one call. He shot a sinister and yet wavering glance at Peter and retreated. Peter let him go. The thought of that lady and that play together—it was hard! All the same, there are some faiths that one keeps with one's self; there are some flags that one doesn't lower.

The boy was left to fend for himself, and he had to get out of the room somehow. He looked over at the rosy cloud in the corner, but it paid no attention to him. He made some kind of an embarrassed and throaty noise at it and turned away.

It was then that a hoarse little voice said: "Mr. Brewer!" Peter stopped. The lady of his dreams beckoned him per-

emptorily but surreptitiously to her side. "I just want to ask you a minute—would you mind doing something for me after the performance?" She held out an envelope, and as Peter took it he felt that it was stuffed with a soft paper. "I want this to go where it's addressed to," she said. "It's not mine, and I can't get off to return it, and I'm afraid to give it to papa—there's a big race on to-morrow, and I'm afraid he'd just soak it and go."

"With pleasure," said Peter to her implication, and put the envelope in his pocket over the astonished beating of his heart. This was the first time that he had really heard her speak, and he had not supposed that he should find so much of the Bowery in her voice—flower among the world's rough winds as he had always seen her, the swamping odor of Jockey Club that she exhaled was news to him. He added, lingering: "I'm sorry about the play. I couldn't change it."

"No."

He was surprised at the finality of her acquiescence. She was studying very seriously a golden beetle on her instep, and she surprised him still further by asking: "How are you going to get on, though?"

"Get on?"

"Do you think you can get ahead by just sticking to things straight?"

"I guess that's the way I'll have to," Peter laughed.

"Wait till you're older!" said the fairy child before him. She yawned prodigiously, unconvincingly, and rapped on her teeth with her rings. "Well, I got to have something,"

(Continued on page 26)



Through all her talk Peter was aware of something brightening in his brain



The Sere-and-Melo-Drama

An Inquiry Into the Methods of Our Busy Thrill-Carpenters

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



THE SENSATIONAL ESCAPE OF THE POLICEMAN'S WIFE

WHENEVER you go to see a melodrama—there, dear reader, you are offended? You never go to melodrama? Well, whenever one goes to see a melodrama—although the sense of vision is not the only—oh, let's start this right.

When one goes to see, hear, taste, smell, and feel a melodrama, one goes for any of a number of reasons. One has seen an eight-sheet in seven colors advertising "Myrtle, the Elegant Cigar-Maker," in which Myrtle, who works by the day at \$1.35 and is neatly garbed in a simple and perfectly fitting frock that must have cost \$125, and who wears heels of the most Gallic, is telling Harvey Remington: "I'd rather starve in the gutter than go with you, you beast!" so one says: "Let's get up a crowd and see that show; it'll be a scream"—or one has read a journalistic josh of the piece, written in the paper's best mock heroics—or one is a traveling salesman and the melodrama's the only show in town, "The Gay Society Belles" having been there the night before—or—oh, yes, this happens—one has tired of paying out four good dollars for a pair of seats and feeling swindled at 10.55, so one chances a dollar and says: "Well, Minnie, even if this is rotten, we won't feel so bad."

Go to one melodrama a year, and beyond telling the crowd at luncheon next day about it, you give it no further thought. You laugh at its glaring impossibilities; at its glorification of simple virtue by an author who may have—one has—served a penitentiary sentence for a most unpretty crime; at its dreary platitudes on heroism; at its harping on honor by a playwright far from scrupulous about the source of his inspiration; all the old familiar phases. And you proceed straightway to forget it. Go to two a year and you will compare them, probably to the disparagement of the second, which, you will say, was modeled on the first. Go to thirty a year and you will become interested—particularly if you are a reporter—in this melodramatic world, which is a planet of frigid and torrid zones only. You will wonder who the authors are and how they work. You will wonder—because you do that at other works of art, dramatic, literary, or street-cleaning—how much the author of "Esther Went Away from There" "got out of it." And the managers? And the players? And so forth.

And, assuming this same reportorial curiosity, you will look into the game. Nor will it be necessary to tell the office boy your date of birth and how much additional insurance you are carrying in order to gain entrance, as in the case of other and more pretentious dramatic producers. Cheerfully and without reserve do the magnates of melodrama tell you anything you want to know and volunteer additional bits you wouldn't dream of asking for. As Mr. Al H. Woods, one of the melodramatic deck's four kings, remarked before jumping into his next year's model touring car: "If you forgot to ask anything, just come in or ring up any time. We got no secrets here."

The term melodrama here is meant to include only the popular-price, glaringly posterized, hot-title shows—what those in the business aptly call "hurrah stuff." The \$2-a-seat melodrama is another magazine story. Well, as to the writing of melodramas, melodramas are not written; they are rubber-stamped. Once in a while, say two or three times a season, a new stamp is cast or the type brightened, but it changes the whole effect no appreciable whit. And no disrespect is meant to the members of the melodramatic craft. Here are, say, three hundred possible rubber stamps, typing characters—which in-

clude their dialogues, as, given a character, his or her (particularly her) lines are as good as written—situations. The Situation, and effects. Twenty stamps, say, will make a show. And by taking away one and substituting another, another show is made. Take it on the word of an ex-student of such frivolities that many thousands of results are possible. It's like this:

*The plowman homeward plods his weary way.
The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
His homeward way the weary plowman plods.
His way the weary plowman homeward plods.
His weary way the plowman homeward plods.*

A scene from this show, a situation from that, a character from that, a villain, or lack of character, from that—and there you are. As Sir William Schwenck Gilbert might say:

*If you want a receipt for a melodramatical
Thrillingly thunderous popular show.
Take an old father, unyielding, emphatical,
Driving his daughter out into the snow;
The love of a hero, courageous and Hacketty;
Hate of a villain in evening clothes;
Comic relief that is Irish and racketty;
Schemes of a villainess muttering oaths;
The bank and the safe and the will and the forgery—
All of them built on traditional norms—
Villainess dark and Lucrezia Borgery
Helping the villain until she reforms;
The old will at midnight, a rapid delivery;
Violin music, all scary and shivery;
Plot that is devilish, awful, nefarious;
Heroine frightened, her plight is precarious;
Bingo!—the rescue!—the movement goes snappily—
Exit the villain and all endeth happily!
Take of these elements any you care about,
Put 'em in Texas, the Bowery or thereabout;
Put in the powder and leave out the grammar
And the certain result is a swell melodrammer."*

The Way They Work in the Foundry

FROM four melodrama foundries six authors turn out most of the plays—four-fifths is hardly stretching it—put on in this country. Methods of construction and reimbursement vary.

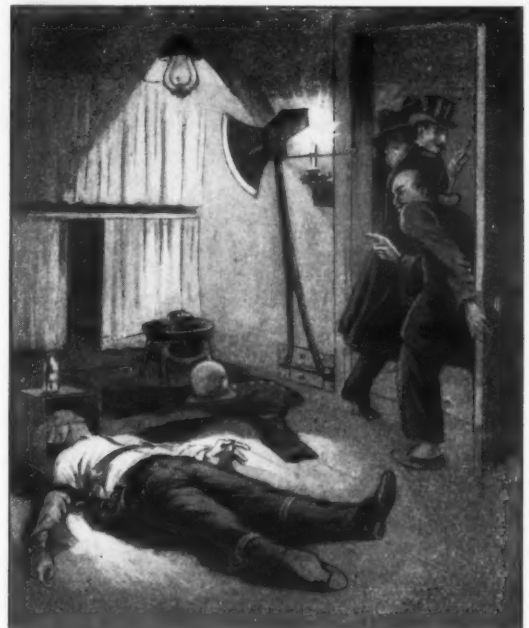
"This is the way I do it," vouchsafed Mr. Woods, producer of "Edna, the Beautiful Cloak Model," "Convict 999," and others too humorous to mention. "I dope out a bunch of titles; then I go down to the lithographing company and give 'em some ideas for three, eight, and twenty-four sheets, and have the paper made. Then I send for one of my playwrights—Hal Reid or Theodore Kremer or Owen Davis—give him the title, show him the lithos, tell him how soon I want it, and that's all. Maybe it's a bad way and maybe it isn't. The shows make good and that's all we want. But I believe," continued Mr. Woods, as who should say, "Pay a lot of attention to this: it's never been said before"—"I believe in giving the public what they want; and they must want these shows or they wouldn't keep on coming. The moving-picture thing is going to hurt the business, of course, but not any more than it'll hurt the \$2 crowd. This season I'm going to put moving pictures between the acts of my shows. But you ought to speak to Davis; he can tell you lots."

A good tip, Mr. Woods, and thank you. Reader, meet Mr. Owen Davis, Harvard, '93, who, in a way, is the most

interesting personage before the theatrical public, and who, had he written 234 plays in the last twelve years, would be precisely twice as interesting. As a mine of humorous copy, however, he is disappointing. Sit through "The Confessions of a Wife" and ask yourself what manner of man the author is. Witness "Since Nellie Went Away" and try to picture its playwright. This or that impression you might conjure up, but that of a young man who looks and talks like a college professor—the better class of them, that is—sitting quietly in his artistically furnished Riverside Drive apartments, reading Euripides and smoking a pipe—all this ten minutes after he had finished writing an idyllic little pastoral for next season called "Jack Sheppard, the Bandit King"—that is hardly what you expected from the author of that stirring line!

"You may strike me if you will, Richard Paulding, but a woman's honor is something that can resist the hardest of your blows!"

or words to that stage effect. No, you thought to find, and you may as well admit it, a man who wore at least one diamond in his negligee shirt, who had at least twelve colors of wall-paper in his rooms, and whose library consisted of definitive editions of Bertha M., Laura Jean, and Mrs. Mary J. Instead you find a student, a purist in even ordinary conversation, and—joy of joys—a man who does not take himself seriously. Mr. Davis is perfectly willing to have his plays ridiculed when he knows that royalties from nineteen of them are accruing to him at the time. Of course that doesn't mean fifty-two weeks each, but it is a fact that during the season of 1907-8 nineteen plays, some old ones and some new, lasting from three to forty-six weeks, had the Davis trade-mark blown in the bottle, a fact interesting to the student in dramatic quantitative analysis, if not to one concerned with the proverbial elevation of the stage. Mr. Davis estimated that at least 1,500,000 people had seen his plays last season. Statistics bore and comparative figures may prove nothing, but if all the blood spilled in the 117 Davidramas were put into one caldron it would equal the average annual rainfall for Asia, Rhode Island, and Tasmania. The blank cartridges shot in those same plays would supply the entire Bulgarian army for 1,342 years 7 months and 21 days. All the cursewords and other oaths,



"WHEN THAT LITTLE FLAME REACHES THE CORD YOU WILL BE OUT OF OUR WAY FOREVER"

placed end on end, would reach from Oneonta, New York, to Nashotah, Wisconsin, while the virtue triumphant on a field of vice, scarlet, would—

Vary from the Melodrama Formula at Your Peril!

IT IS not so easy to melodram as it looks," Mr. Davis goes on to tell you, though how he knows you think it looks easy savors of clairvoyance. "There is a formula, to be sure, radical variations from which are impossible. But it is that very sameness which makes it difficult. At times I have tried to break away from the regular thing, and the plays have failed. 'The Power of Money' was a good play, dramatically and from a literary standpoint, if you'll pardon my saying it. It lasted about a month, if memory serves. Take 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.' Frankly, I wrote it as a burlesque. Often, while working on it, I had to laugh at its incongruities and impossible situations—Nellie faced certain death seventeen times from curtain to curtain—but it was a big financial success and is in its third season now. And here's another thing: A good melodrama simply has to be per-

feetly obvious. An audience of subaverage intelligence must be able to follow it all and to anticipate the action a minute or two ahead. You may surprise them by adding something to what is expected, but you are not allowed to fool them or trick them, as the legitimate dramatists often do. This was true of 'Nellie' and of other of my plays—and I keep it in mind now while writing—a deaf mute might have understood it perfectly. The dialogue and the action always coincided. Nellie is threatened, verbally; the threat is carried out visually. Oh, yes, melodrama has its technique just as certainly, just as arbitrarily, as drama on a higher plane.

Some of "the Greatest in the Business"

YOU believe that melodrama is harmful? Let me tell you that I have never written a suggestive line, never allowed vice or wrong-doing to seem even temporarily to be in the ascendant. Recently I was asked to write a play from a title that was palpably suggestive. I refused and so did all my *nommes de pencil*. What I may have done is overstimulate young minds and give them perhaps more excitement than is necessary, but even that I doubt.

Now glance in passing, dear reader—are you still there?—at manager, author, and producer Charles E. Blaney. Take your eyes from his diamond initial cufflinks, and listen to his pearls of speech: "I have tried to break away from the cheap and sensational," says he, "to give the public something better than what they've been used to. Better plays, better casts, better scenery. So don't class this firm with the regular melodrama 'hurrah stuff.'" Saying which, Mr. Blaney autographs his photograph, "Author of clean plays," and the pencil bears down extra hard on *clean*, as though it meant to say: "Er—ahem—not knocking anybody."

Make no mistake about Mr. Blaney, however. He's a big man in his sphere. As to the authorship of the plays that bear his name, there be those to say that he buys them outright for a small amount from some struggling author, improves them, puts the English for *viscera* into them, makes them over—in a word, belabors them and puts his name to them, which is simple, if not 99 44-100 per cent pure, business. For Mr. Blaney is a business man and a good one. A couple of years ago the booking end of melodrama was controlled, as it is today, by Stair and Havlin, with a grip that makes that of Klaw and Erlanger on the higher-priced theaters seem like an altruistic arrangement. So Mr. Blaney gradually acquired theater after theater of his own, until—it's a long story and a technical one—he is now a partner in that powerful firm and is able to play the game both ways from the box-office.

Actor, author, stage-manager is young Mr. Langdon McCormick, whose "Out of the Fold," "The Life of an Actress," "Jessie Left the Village" (now named "The

melodrama yesterday that is absolutely the greatest play I ever listened to. Some of the lines as good as Shakespeare's. He's great, and you can say so in your article and we'll stand for it."

So with Lincoln J. Carter, author, producer, and manager in Chicago. He, too, is "anxious to break away from traditional melodrama," but each season his hardy annuals bloom forth, changed in title and non-essentials,

of course, rare. So, unless you see the author's contract it is hard to determine how much a successful melodramatic author can make in a year. Roundly, if he make fifteen thousand dollars, he may be rated as one of the few authors who make it pay.

Perfectly frank are the managers about the importance of the title. And if a title be suggestive, if it hint of an off-color story, if it cause kitchen maid and



THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF TESS—NAT'S THRILLING RESCUE

but not otherwise. So with Hal Reid, author of more than a hundred melodramas, among them "Human Hearts," the old favorite, and of "A Desperate Chance," a play founded on the life of the Biddle Brothers, which has been the most successful of all the modern melodramas, having had an almost continuous run of six seasons. So with Theodore Kremer, author of "The Curse of Drink," "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl," and many dozen others. And so with Thomas H. Sewell, author of "Kate Barton's Temptation," and Joseph Le Brandt, who wrote "Through Death Valley." And so with the others. About the authors you find that same monotony that saturates the plays. The first is interesting, the second seems to have been designed from the first, and if you were to take the views of all and shake them together in a hat and ask each one to pick out his own, it is a good bet that any of them would fit any author or manager. Owen Davis's sense of humor and his industry, and Langdon McCormick's sincerity and ambition lift them a rung above the others. Ramsey Morris's achievement—"The Ninety and Nine"—does the same for him.

The Actors in Melodrama

A WORD about the players, who merit no more. Take them as a class, they are the quintessence of mediocrity, the apotheosis of the commonplace. Here and there is one with a bit of intelligence, which, if he but stay in melodrama long enough, he will probably lose. Here and there is another, like Rose Stahl or Edmund Breese, with intelligence and ability to get out of it. But as a whole, they are hopeless. Except in rare cases, their salaries are small. Genaro and Bailey, a vaudeville team now playing in "Tony, the Bootblack," get \$250 a week. James J. Corbett, who is a good actor, gets a large salary. Cecil Spooner is well paid. But these exceptions are rare. There are perhaps fifteen hundred melodrama players, and it is doubtful whether the salaries will average twenty dollars a week. Fifty dollars is the average paid a leading man or woman, and often the entire weekly pay-roll of a cast of ten will not run over \$225. Mr. Woods says that during the season of 1907-8 he employed just 312 people, and they received \$11,856 in salaries each and every week. For the season of 1908-9 our forces will not be more than about 240 people, with an average salary list of \$9,500 per week. That would average the actors' salaries at about \$35, which is large.

Melodrama actors make almost no impression on their audiences. Ask the society girl what she is going to see next week, and she'll say Maude Adams or John Drew. Ask her the name of the play, and she'll probably not be able to tell you. Ask a weekly frequentress of melodrama what she saw at the Bijou or the Star or the Alhambra last night, and it'll be "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife" (one of this season's thrillers, by the way) or "The Queen of the Convicts," but ask for the name of one actor or actress she has seen on the melodramatic stage in a year's time, and she will pass it up. The interpreters of melodrama are, as a rule, bad, unintelligent, and incompetent, but they serve the purpose almost as well as and ever so much more cheaply than better ones.

It is hard to determine the author's compensation. Sometimes a play is sold outright for a couple of hundred dollars. Generally the royalty system prevails, but the percentage paid is much smaller than in the two-dollar field, two and a half per cent of the net receipts being uncommonly high. Then, with the best seats generally not higher than seventy-five cents, and very often thirty cents, four thousand dollars for a week's business is large. A good week at the Bijou, in Pittsburgh, may run up to nine thousand dollars, but that is,

laborer to investigate, to see whether "they really dare go the limit," so much the better. What is the sole idea in titles like "Confessions of a Wife," "Why Women Sin," "Queen of the Bigamists," "Why Girls Leave Home," "What Women Will Do," "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife"? And if the printing carry out the idea, better yet. And, best of all, if something like a gambling den, a low dive, an opium joint, a house of ill-fame, or a counterfeiter's resort can be shown on the stage. "But," say the managers again, "the villains who frequent these places are brought to ruin in the end. The safe-blower ends in prison; the counterfeiter is captured; the adventuress profiteth nothing to lose her own soul." And what thinks the young boy in the twenty-five-cent seat, who may have stolen the quarter from his mother's housekeeping money? Clap he never so loudly at the hero's "Have courage, girl, I'll save you!" hiss he never so sibilantly at the villain's "I'll get you yet, you young puppy!" when he goes away, the gambler, the counterfeiter, the opium fiend, and the escaped convict are the things he remembers. Watch the crowd as it exits from a melodrama house. Is it more considerate to the women, do the young ruffians trample them more tenderly than before that great line in Act III, "Do not forget, Harold Percival, that your mother was a woman, too," was applauded to the asbestos echoes?

And these titles. Let one but be successful, the ditto mark is used shamelessly. "Jessie Left the Village"—"Since Nellie Went Away"; "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl"—"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model"—"Edna, the Pretty Typewriter"—"Lottie, the Poor Saleslady." There are "For Her Children's Sake," "For Her Sake," "For His Brother's Crime," "For His Sister's Honor," "For Mother's Sake"; and "Human Hearts," "How Hearts Are Broken," "Hearts Adrift," "Hearts of Gold"; and "Queen of the Highway," "Queen of the Outlaw Camp," "Queen of the White Slaves," "Queen of the High-binders," "Queen of the Convicts," "Queen of the Cattle Range," "Queen of the Bigamists"—an original band, these melodramatists, in sooth.

But this is only appropriating from among themselves. It may be stated that the dramatic successes of last year are the melodramatic themes for this. This year's Broadway hits will be adapted and worked around for next year's "hurrah stuff." "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Man of the Hour," "The Chorus Lady," "Raffles," "The Girl of the Golden West"—oh, all of 'em—have been put on the melodramatic stage, with more or less qualifications and modifications.

A polyhedral subject, that of melodrama. Specious are the arguments of its interested champions: it is harmless, it is healthy amusement, it is inexpensive, it instructs and—scapegoat excuse of the gamboge journalist, the morphine and cocaine seller, the indecent picture-postcard vender, the food adulterator, and others—the public wants it. The melodramas, say their sponsors, are no worse than their higher priced contemporaries. "The big scene in 'The Wolf,'" says Mr. McCormick, "is exactly like the climax of"—the name escapes—one of the myriad. And right here lies the sovereign excuse of all workers of the second class: it may be the reason they rise not above it. Your poetaster, with his scanless feet and his rimes that rime not, points proudly to the atrocious rimes of Pope; your literary drunkard prates of Poe's aberrations; your slipshod grammarian quotes Shakespeare in self-defense; your wretched penman tells about Horace Greeley. But remember, oh imitators of weaknesses, as the poet said or should have said: "Twas not his nodding made him Homer." But, to quote somebody or other again:

"You may knock, you may hammer
The shone—as you will,
But a hot melodrammer
Can stand 'em up still."



"NOW YOU SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING ME KISS YOUR UNCONSCIOUS WIFE"

Convict and the Girl," because the Provincians didn't like the original title), and Actor James J. Corbett's starring vehicle, "The Burglar and the Lady," are only a few of the scripts—never say manuscript to anybody in the show business—he has turned out since leaving Albion College, a few years ago, to go and act with Otis Skinner. Get Mr. McCormick's views:

"I couldn't say how my ideas come. Emerson says one can not get an idea by trying. It may be somewhere in the recesses of the brain and one may summon it, but conscious effort to produce an idea is not effective. I just wait till they come. Four plays a year is my productive limit. No man can do more than that and do it well. I try to write something better than the ordinary melodrama and to create new effects and novel situations. This coming season, in 'Wanted by the Police,' we have a race between two trains—a brand-new scheme—and I—here Mr. McCormick had to superintend the hiring of a heavy, a comic relief, and a juvenile, but Mr. Harry Mittenhal, whose interest in the young author is negligible, being only manager and owner of his past and future output for five years, continued:

"Believe me, Mac is the greatest man in the play-writing business today, bar none. He brought us a

Sanitaire Beds

Guaranteed for Ten Years

Do not buy a bed until you get
the "Sanitaire" price

You owe it to yourself these times to get the full benefit of the very low prices we are making on our metal beds. You might just as well buy a **bed guaranteed** for ten years and take no risk whatever as to buy an unguaranteed and unknown kind.

SANITAIRE BEDS

are in beautiful designs with the most lasting and rich finish you can imagine.

Don't get the idea that all metal beds are alike---because they are not. Sanitaire beds are **different** in **design, finish,** and are guaranteed besides.

SLEEP IN IT THIRTY NIGHTS

Pick out the bed you like from our new catalogue, sleep in it thirty nights---then if everything is not as we claim, our agent or ourselves will refund the money you paid for it.

You can have almost any color you want---all beautiful and can match your bedroom decorations. Our new hand rubbed finish has the same polish you see on a piano, while our **Sanitaire Gold** is as rich in appearance as a brass bed for only a small part of the brass bed price.

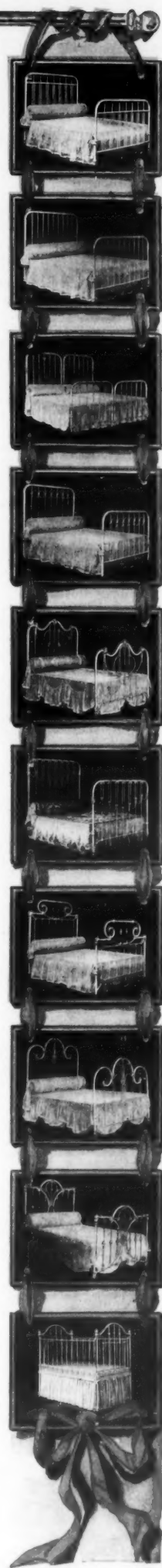
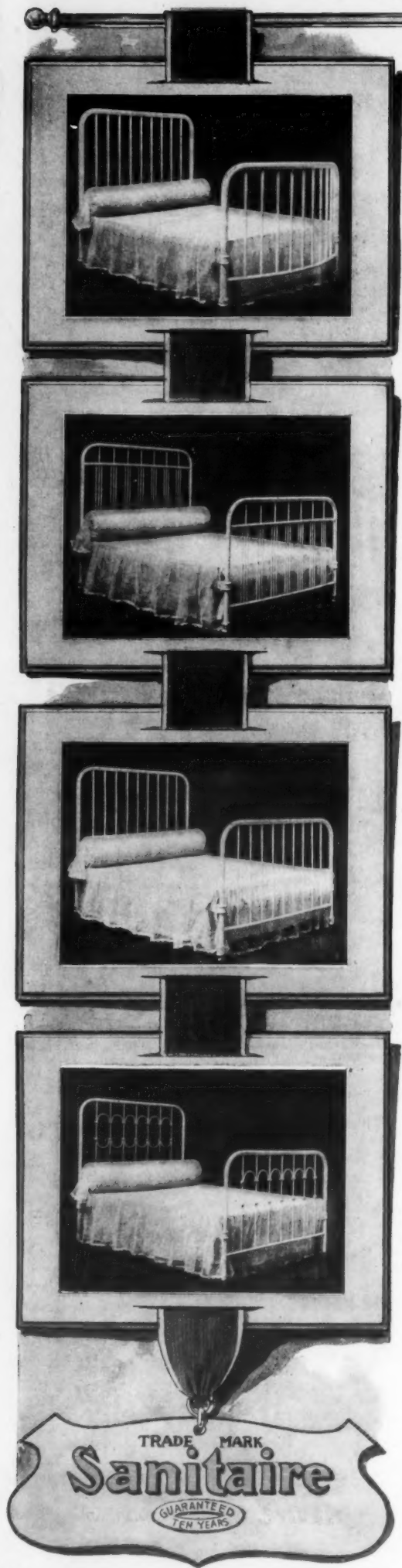
GET OUR NEW FREE CATALOGUE

It shows the beds that are creating much talk all over this country, so beautiful and yet so low in price.

Write for it today. The satisfaction you get from a Sanitaire Bed amply repays you for the few moments it takes you to write us for the illustrated catalogue or to see the bed or crib at our agents'.

To make comfort and satisfaction complete, fit your bed with "Sanitaire" Springs (also guaranteed)---then the bed question is settled for good.

MARION IRON AND BRASS BED COMPANY
2810 Sanitaire Avenue, Marion, Indiana





THE unerring care exercised in the selection of materials coupled with high-class custom tailoring and exceptionally clever styling stamp

Michaels-Stern Clothes

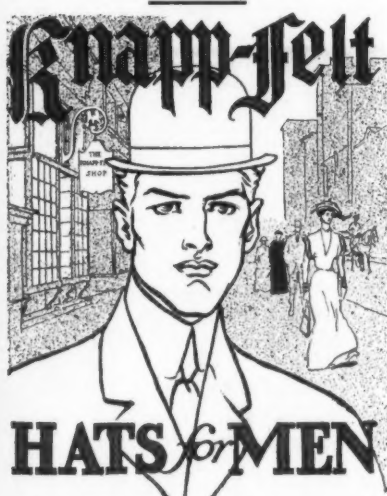
as the best ready-for-service garments for you to wear this Autumn.

The season's newest models should be on sale in your city. If not, we'll tell you where to obtain them, and also forward you one of our handsome portfolios of styles for Autumn.

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Makers of High-Grade Clothing
ROCHESTER : DEPT. C

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K



Knapp-Felt DeLuxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
842 Broadway, New York

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, \$3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices
9x6 ft. \$3.50
9x7 1/2 ft. 4.00
9x9 ft. 4.50
9x10 1/2 ft. 5.00
9x12 ft. 5.50
9x15 ft. 6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 619 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Coincidental Coincidences

By W. J. LAMPTON



COINCIDENCES will happen even to the best regulated millionaires. Shortly before Mr. J. P. Morgan sailed from New York on a recent European trip, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the eminent lawyer, was at Mr. Morgan's house one evening to put into proper shape certain important business papers.

Just before they began their night's work, the butler announced the arrival of a dealer in curios who said he had something of significance for Mr. Morgan to look at. Mr. Morgan knew the dealer, as he knows many others in that line, and asked that he be shown in.

The dealer made himself comfortable while the two working men proceeded with the business in hand. They sat at a table before an open wood fire, and presently a spark darted out and lit somewhere on the fine rug. It was apt to do considerable damage, and both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Untermyer jumped up to find it and prevent harm to the rich fabric. As they chased it Mr. Untermyer quoted from Longfellow:

*"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where."*

Mr. Morgan smiled. "Last night," he said, "my daughter and I were quoting that same couplet and talking about its application to a recent occurrence in our knowledge. It's rather odd that you should quote it now."

The dealer roused himself from his reverie almost abruptly.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Morgan," he said, "I have something even stranger to tell of it. What I have brought to show to you to-night is the original manuscript of the poem in which the couplet appears."

Which turned out to be true, and Mr. Morgan looked over the precious manuscript before he proceeded with his legal business.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 14)

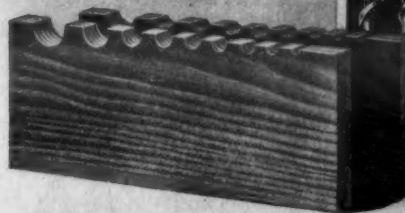
with human qualities rather than human appearances. Instead of the journalistic reproduction of the every-day world, such as we have in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," certain qualities are, so to speak, put into human form and set on the stage.

Mater herself is the spirit of joy, of laughter in the heart—an incorrigible won't-grow-up. She is the mother of two atrociously solemn and priggish children, destined, as she explains, to be the future Presidents of the United States and of Vassar College. She is, as the daughter explains, "an outlandish little person—of course, very nice and dear and useful—but when it comes to serious things—politics, sociology, for instance—she hasn't the first ray of comprehension." And when the son asks her where her maturity is, she says that she supposes she gave birth to it all when her children were born. He is the sort of young man who says, "Tell me that, mother—it heartens me," so that perhaps one can scarcely blame Mr. Frederick Lewis overacting the part until it is a sort of cross between Hamlet and W. J. Bryan.

He is running for the Legislature—a task that has already brought him to the verge of nervous prostration—and if he fails the doctor fears he will never get over it. A charmingly incredible political boss, with a gift of repartee and an acquaintance with the poets, proposes that the young man shall contribute \$4,000 to the campaign fund, in return for which his election is assured. Of course the young reformer refuses, but the boss mistakes the young and girlish-looking Mater for her daughter, falls wildly in love with her, and Mater's sense of humor is sufficiently resilient to enable her to carry on the illusion until the ballots are counted and her boy elected. The overwrought young man, appalled at his mother's levity, has called down the curses of God on her and himself, but as the curtain falls he takes her to his arms, and out of some mysterious metamorphosis, whose evolutions the audience has not seen, admits that she was right—it was "common sense."

In this phrase lies an essential weakness of Mr. Mackaye's play. He does not want to say, one assumes, that reformers are absurd and political idealism futile and that the politician's game should be met with equally skilful cajolery and deception. Yet this is what the play comes very close to saying. He does want to say, one assumes, that joy and laughter in the heart are fine things, that priggishness is absurd, and that a sensible, fun-loving mother may

Smooth Work



All cutting tools leave in their work the marks of their worth. Bore a hole with an auger bit, for instance. If it chips the wood just as it comes through the board, or if the sides of the boring are rough, the auger bit is poorly ground and probably incorrectly shaped. Clean cuts can only be made with good tools.

KEEN KUTTER

TOOLS and CUTLERY

show their superiority in the appearance and accuracy of their work. Cuts are smooth, clean and true—no chipping at the edges—no scraping or gouging—no splitting—no unevenness.

In buying tools or cutlery, order by the name Keen Kutter and all chance or doubt is removed.

The trademark is your guide in buying and your guarantee of perfection or money refunded.

The name Keen Kutter covers Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Ice-picks, Lawn-mowers. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives and Table Cutlery.

Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery have been sold for nearly 40 years under this motto:

*"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long
After the Price is Forgotten."*—H. C. Simmons.
Trademark Registered.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (INC.), ST. LOUIS AND NEW YORK, U. S. A.



Improved Duofold Health Underwear

Twice the comfort and protection of ordinary underwear, but only half the weight.

No irritating woolen against your skin. No unnatural perspiration. No dampness. No chill.

The inside is fine, smooth cotton. The outside is choice wool, cotton, silk or silkoline—as you choose

Duofold keeps you evenly warm, indoors and out, all winter long.

Isn't that sense?

If your dealer can't supply you, write us, and we'll tell you who will. Ask for the "Duofold Sense" booklet. Various weights and shades, single garments and union suits for men, women and children. \$1.00 and upward per garment.

Sizes and fit positively guaranteed
Your money back if not satisfied

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Frankfort, N. Y.
Robison & Peckham Co.
Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York



No Trouble to Fill the CONKLIN Pen

Drinks Ink
Like a
Camel

Just dip the pen
in the nearest inkwell, press
the Crescent-Filler, and your pen fills
itself in less time than it takes to tell it.
Much quicker, easier and safer than spill-
ing ink into a muzzle loader with a dropper.

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is not only self-filling and self-cleaning—it is also
self-writing. That's because of its wonderful feed
principle. You merely guide it over paper—it does
the rest. You don't have to shake it or jerk it to get
the ink to flow—you don't have to scratch, scratch,
scratch before the ink comes. "Makes its mark" as
quickly as a pencil and keeps it up until you're
through. You're never worried about ink, because
you know you can fill your pen instantly at any
inkwell—with any ink.

Every Conklin Pen is guaranteed.

Leading dealers everywhere sell the
Conklin. If yours does not, order direct.
Prices \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. Send
at once for our handsome new catalogue.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.,
189 Manhattan Bldg.,
Toledo, Ohio,
U. S. A.



TRADE
MARK
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

I Want to Place a Fox Typewriter in Your Office at My Expense



W. R. Fox, President, Fox Typewriter Company

WILL you give office-room to a
Fox Typewriter?
Will you try it absolutely
without cost to you?

That's the only way you can really
know a typewriter—put it to work in
the day's business routine.

I am glad to have you compare the
Fox Typewriter with any other ma-
chine. Because I know it will compare
favorably. So favorably you will not
want to get along without it.

When I invented the Fox Type-
writer, I steered away from the faults
and flaws of other machines.

I added new features that no
other typewriter possessed, or
possesses today. I realized
that it wasn't necessary
that a typewriter be a
"blind" writer to be
strong.

Trade in your
Old Type-
writer
to me

AND I knew that it was possible to build a
visible typewriter, without sacrificing
durability.

Mine isn't a trust machine. It's sold
strictly on its merits—the fair deal way I want
to sell it.

Think what it means for a typewriter to
write always in sight, directly in the line of
vision, with the writing line indicated and the
printing point pointed out. That's a true visible
writer—and that's a Fox. Type bar bearing
has unusual width, plenty of wearing sur-
face. The type bar is extra strong and heavy.

There can't be any going wrong in alignment
—no wearing down, in years and years of work.

A single Fox does a variety of things per-
fectly: letter-writing, invoicing, billing, tabulat-
ing figures, stencil-cutting and heavy manufac-
turing. You can buy two carriages—different
lengths—and use them interchangeably.

The Fox writes in two colors, and you don't
have to touch the ribbon all the time it's on the
machine.

But proof is better than promise. Let the
Fox Typewriter speak for itself. I am only
too glad to send, or have delivered to you, a
Fox Typewriter, without a penny's cost to you.
Try it out. Give it the hardest tests. Compare
it with any or every other machine. Then, if
you decide to buy, I'll make you favorable terms
—take your old machine as part payment.

As a fair business man, doesn't this offer
appeal to you? Let me send you the Fox for
free trial and examination at once. Just fill
out, clip and mail this coupon today. Send it
to me personally.

W. R. Fox, President, Fox Typewriter Company
320-340 Frost Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.



achieve a superior practical morality, while
apparently coquetting with the abstract
ethical code. Yet this is put so vaguely
that it is scarcely understood.

The son's creed is, at bottom, the same
as Mater's. When some one urges that
the more wheat and steel, the more people
and towns we have in America the mer-
rier, it is he who says "the more indeed—
if it be the merrier. But no more—if it
be not the merrier. The need of our coun-
try to-day is not more towns, but happier
towns; not more men, but happier men;
not life itself, unless it be life worth liv-
ing." It was important that he should be
elected and more real feeling should show
through Mater's flirtation if one is not to
become wearied a bit at her insistent,
tinkling, bookish jocularity.

Such defects are the result, one would
venture to say, of a poet's indifference to
the more mechanical side of the play-
wright's logical work—a sort of thought-
lessness. Nor can Mr. Mackaye quite es-
cape from a rather irritating literariness
and habit of classical allusion. I fancy
that Miss Isabel Irving's experience in
Shakespearean parts gives a certain pseudo-
Elizabethan intonation to Mater's phrase-
tossing, which may increase this effect and
shallow somewhat the depth of Mater's
feeling, although, for the most part, she is
very pleasing. And none can fail to enjoy
Mr. Charles A. Stevenson's presentation
of the gifted boss. Whatever Mr. Mac-
kaye's omissions, even to have wrought
such delicate material as his into a fabric
for the stage so serviceable as this is no
small achievement. It may not be the com-
pletest triumph to be told that when you
are at your best you are as good as Barrie,
but it is a good deal to have gone so far
as that.

Writing and Play- writing

(Continued from page 15)

but six days for rehearsals; the mornings
of the week preceding the appearance of
the piece. It is a hard life, but somehow
they often manage to give a performance
as enjoyable, if not as smooth, as that
of the original cast which rehearsed for
a month or more—just as what a writer
dashes off at white heat when the printers
are calling for copy, though lacking in
finish, often contains a more important
quality than other pieces of work which
were worried over for a month. Players
are nearly always overrehearsed when
they open in New York. Even when they
are not they are usually scared to death
—it is so important—not only because
they want a long run in New York, but
also because if they fail on Broadway
they can seldom live it down on the road
afterward. This is true of plays which,
previous to the metropolitan production,
had been remarkable successes on the
road. The success or failure of a play
is often determined by the ability of its
players to withstand the ordeal called the
first night. The calmest-looking actors
are usually the worst first-nighters. One
charming actress always prays to a cru-
cifix, hung in her dressing-room, before
she goes on.

The Hard Working Actors

DURING the early stages of rehearsals
it moves so slowly, and every one con-
cerned seems so alarmingly unintelligent,
that it always looks hopeless. They forget
their cues quite as in amateur theatricals,
and say: "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon,"
in their natural tones and then proceed
to read their lines in their unnatural
tones, while the stage-manager corrects
and suggests, and suggests and corrects
again patiently—or usually so. "Don't
mind," he says to the playwright, "you
can't tell anything about it until we get
the props. Besides, you mustn't expect
to get more than fifty per cent of your
conception over the footlights. You'd bet-
ter not wait; it will only distress you."
"Then I'll only look for fifty per cent,"
says the playwright and waits. He would
be very foolish if he did not. Nobody
can possibly know what his scenes mean
as well as he does, and if he is content to
vouchsafe that information to the stage-
manager and leave to the latter the prob-
lem of obtaining the desired effects, it
proves a good thing for the production
and all concerned. The trouble with some
authors is that they think they can act,
or can show actors how to act, which is
even worse.

The latter are the most patient and
obliging people in the world if they are
treated generously; willing to work to
exhaustion if they like you, impression-
able, responsive, and naive as children,
and quite as ignorant for the most part
of all that goes on in the great world
outside of the little one they care so
much about.

The Florsheim SHOE LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Argyle Lace Boot

Cheral Patent Colt, Perforated
Uppers, Heavy Extension Sole



If you
never
have
worn
the Flor-
sheim Shoe, get

acquainted with its merits.

Whether you consider style first
—or comfort—or service—the Flor-
sheim Shoe will meet each and
every requirement.

Florsheim "natural shaped" lasts
mean utmost comfort while Florsheim
style is the kind that leads and never
follows. Most styles \$5 and \$6.

Write for style book.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

BUY A GUARANTEED LEATHER BELT



You can't afford to buy un-
reliable belting that no-
body backs up—
Reliance belting is guar-
anteed and if it should
go wrong we make it
right—
We can afford to guar-
antee it because we spare
no pains or expense in the
making—
We cut it from the choic-
est center stock of No. 1
Packer hides—no should-
ers or belly—oak tanned
by the long process.
Skilled hand labor and the most
improved machinery combine to
turn out a flawless product.
For instance, currying, cutting and
selecting—all particular work—is
done by experts by hand.
Scarifying, feather edging, joining
are done by modern machines that
work with infinitely greater exact-
ness than the most practiced hand.
But that's only a single one
of many points that go to
make the name
RELiance
mean so much on a belt.
We can't tell you all the
others here, but write us
and we'll go into details
and advise you what size and
ply belt will do your work
most effectively.

We also manufacture four other brands that are equally as
good as Reliance for specific purposes.
Don't experiment with belts. No mill man or manufacturer can af-
ford to. It means fearful loss before you get through. Specify Reli-
ance—the guaranteed belt—and save needless expense and trouble.
Write for book today and learn more about Reliance superiority.
Chicago Belting Co., 16 South Green St., Chicago



once and for all—no laundry
bills or worn-out collars. With
LITHOLIN you always have a
perfect collar at hand—the
one you are wearing—if
soiled, just take it off
and wipe white as new
with a damp cloth.

Litholin

Waterproofed Linen
Collars and Cuffs

Irreproachable in fit and
style and look like regular
linen, which they are, only
waterproofed. Will save
you \$16 a year. No wilt-
ing, cracking or fraying.

Collars
25c.
Cuffs
50c.

If not at your dealer's
send, giving
style, size, number
wanted, with remit-
tance, and we will
mail, postpaid. Book-
let of styles free on
request.

The
Fiberloid
Co.

Dept. 3

7 Waverly Place, N.Y.

Who Gets The Prosperity?

During the past 12 years of Republican Government the average cost of living has increased 48%

HAS YOUR INCOME INCREASED 48%?

BRYAN and KERN'S ELECTION MEANS REAL TARIFF REVISION AND LOWER COST OF LIVING

A FEW FACTS

SHOES that cost \$3.00 a pair in 1896 now cost \$4.00 and \$5.00 because materials have gone up 52%. Trust controlled, tariff protected, sole leather has gone up over 170%.

BEEFSTEAK that cost 16 cents per pound in 1896 now costs 24 cents. Why? Increase in population outstripped increase in supply. South American beef barred by tariff protecting the Beef Trust. American cattle men get less, American consumer pays more.

SUITS OF CLOTHES that cost \$25.00 in 1896, cost \$35.00 to-day. Tariff bars foreign woolens.

SUNLIGHT is free but the glass in your window that cost 75 cents in 1896, costs \$1.88 to-day, thanks to protection.

Your house costs you 40% more to build to-day than it did twelve years ago, because tariff allows this extortion.

You pay 48% more to live under Republican Government, because of the tariff that enriches the few

VOTE FOR BRYAN AND KERN AND LOWER LIVING EXPENSES

Money is needed to convince the voters of the righteousness of our cause. We expect none, want none and will take none from the corporations. If you want to see Bryan and Kern win, show your sincerity not only by voting, but by aiding us to get out your fellow citizens. Fill out the enclosed coupon, and send us \$5.00 for our campaign fund (more if you feel that way). You will get it back many times over in reduced cost of living and in prosperity that helps you.

RETURN THIS COUPON WITH MONEY

National
Democratic
Committee,
1450 Auditorium Annex
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find \$5.00
for the Democratic Campaign
Fund.



Collegian
Suits
\$15 to
\$35

BE SURE



OF THIS LABEL

Adler's Collegian Clothes

are made of thoroughly dependable fabrics—goods that retain their new, fresh appearance even after hard constant wear. The patterns and colorings are the choicest productions of the world's most famous woolen mills—patterns you will say are quite out of the ordinary. These suits and overcoats possess every desirable feature of fashion—but no ridiculous extremes. We are not makers of "freak" clothes. Our new style book is educational and will thoroughly post you on style and value. Mailed free—with the name of the Collegian clothes store of your vicinity.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.

Nobby Clothes Makers

Milwaukee



Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
Agents, N.Y.

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Toward the end of the rather trying but exceedingly interesting ordeal of rehearsing there is an occasional gleam of the real illusion, delighting the heart. One begins to see a chance, a bare chance, that a play may dawn out of this blackness and despair. When the properties arrive every one takes a new interest. Players who have hitherto spent their time in grumbling when not "on," actually wait to watch scenes which do not concern them, and learn, for the first time, perhaps, what the story is about. The leading lady's maid looks on from the wings, smiling sentimentally during the love scene, tossing her head when her mistress does and weeping quarts at the pathetic passages, God bless her.

The Matter of Costumes

ABOUT now a well-equipped playwright will know something concerning costumes. It is embarrassing if he does not. During rehearsals some day, suddenly, without any warning, the leading lady will break out with: "By the way, how do you want me to dress in the third act?" "Oh, something white and simple. It doesn't matter."

But apparently it does, and something simple does not seem to appeal to her. "What do you say to—" (here follows technical language—enough to fill a whole "side" of her part). "Or would you prefer me to wear—" (another "side").

"Yes."

"Which?"

"I think so."

"Well, come and help me choose it. They have the loveliest hand embroidery at—"

But the playwright crosses down center to the manager.

(Business of distress.) "Do you insist on my going to the costumers with the ladies?"

"I insist upon your staying away. They would work you for five-hundred-dollar costumes and then ruin 'em during the try-out on the road. You keep out of that, and go tell that man how to pronounce 'infinitives.'"

The benign and scholarly-looking old actor had been reading it "infinitives" ever since rehearsals began, making the playwright shudder convulsively each time. But the latter hoped the stage-manager would fix it. . . .

"Oh, by the way," says the playwright, as if he had just thought of it, after five minutes' preliminary conversation, "how about using Webster's pronunciation of words? He says infinitives, you know."

"Which Webster—Ben! Frohman's man?"

"I meant Noah."

"Never heard of him. But that's all right. Infinitives. By the way, old chap, what are they?"

Perhaps the playwright has had a few cherished hopes; for instance, that his play can run through all four acts without seeing his noble hero sit down while the lovely heroine stands up; or that the curtain can descend without hearing his characters emit highfalutin ejaculations, their hands extended like clothing-store dummies. But little by little his layman's preferences in these matters are worn away, until finally it seems hardly worth while arguing, and on the first night there they are in the old familiar attitudes, just what he vowed should not happen. "Well, didn't we get seven curtain calls? What more do you want?" There is no answer to that.

The Final Test

WE OFTEN read in the critic's column about this or that player's conception of the part. As a rule they have none. Or if they had, it was taken away from them by the playwright or his accomplice, the stage-manager. The actor, even many a star, is a more or less delicately tuned instrument, played upon by the stage-manager from a score written by the dramatist. The actor has little or nothing to say as to how it is done—but he does it, and no doubt he is often blamed for another's bungling. From the playwright's point of view the trick is to pick out the right instruments. Many a good piece of property is spoiled by being miscast. Those who go in for playwriting as a steady job generally stage their own plays themselves, choosing the casts and conducting their own rehearsals. The average playwright doesn't know how, but theoretically it is the ideal way. For the only right method of following the playwright's profession is to follow no other.

In most forms of writing you do it all, with no one there to interfere or be interfered with. It has the advantage of singles in tennis over doubles. You can say what you have to say in the way you want to say it.

In playwriting it is all cooperation and compromise. So whether the stage be sought for "the luxury of self-expression" or the necessity of self-support, it is apt



This trade-mark on every garment

Modern Machinery and Methods, in fact, the very best of everything, enters into the construction of

Wright's Health Underwear

to make it the most sanitary and healthful underwear that anybody can buy.

Made of many tiny, fluffy loops. Joined together so no body-heat escapes; no outside cold comes in; no damp perspiration stands on the skin. Costs no more than the ordinary kind.

Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

A lighter weight underwear in beautiful fabrics and colors. Permanently elastic, it fits and holds its shape indefinitely.

Book "DRESSING FOR HEALTH" sent free. Explains the famous loop.

Wright's Health Underwear Co.
47 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Are You Going to Build?

Do you want comfort in your new home? Do you want it free from drafts? Do you want it warm in winter, cool in summer? Do you want to save coal? If you do, let us tell you how and why

NEPONSET BUILDING PAPER Keeps Houses Warm

Whether you are building a dwelling, a stable, a barn, or an outbuilding, you ought to know about Neponset Building Paper, Florin Sound-Deadening Felt, or Paroid Roofing.

Tell us what you are going to build and let us send you information that applies. Years of experience has given us a fund of information of great value to the man about to build.

"COMFORTABLE HOMES," an attractive brochure illustrating many attractive houses and giving building points worth while, sent free. Address Dept. E.

F. W. BIRD & SON

East Walpole, Mass.

Also Hamilton, Ont.



TURN DUST INTO DOLLARS

The Original Vacuum Cleaning Machine

The above wagon will prove a mint to you, making money at the rate of \$40.00 per day.

This is the original "Dustless Method." All others are imitations. Over four hundred operators in the United States that are clearing handsome returns. Only \$600.00 and upwards capital required to make you independent by buying one of the Vacuum Machines. It cleans Stoves, Ranges, Sinks, Halls, Closets, Theaters, Schools without wear and tear on persons or places. Reliable, durable and most efficient Portable Plant in the world. On a small investment you can realize \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year in Proven Permanent Profits.

The machine cleans, renovates, disinfects carpets, rugs, furniture, pillows, draperies, tapestries, ceilings, walls, etc. Every germ on, in or under the carpets and furniture is exterminated. We also make a full line of Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Plants for Residences, Apartments, Office Buildings, Hospitals, Churches, Lodge and Club Buildings, Stores, Schools, Hotels, Libraries, etc. Catalogues, bulletins, etc., cheerfully sent to those who mean business.

Portable Cleaners Stationary Cleaners
General Compressed Air and Vacuum Machinery Co.
Room 8, Thurman Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

The largest Manufacturers of House Cleaning Machinery in the world. We are the pioneers and are presenting infringers. The Only Company that was ever awarded a prize at any Exposition.

CLASS PINS Of Character

Beautiful and delicate designs, original (designed, made in gold or silver to taste) carry out any chosen idea. Our pins are the standard of leading schools, colleges and fraternities. BBB Fraternity and Class Pins with monograms or letters. Ill. booklet of Medals, Pins, Old Things in College Jewelry, Free. Attractive offer to College Book Stores. G. WM. REISNER, 206 N. Prince Street, Lancaster, Pa.

30 DAYS' TRIAL of any violin or other musical instrument. We pay all express charges if goods are not satisfactory to you. We now sell direct from our Chicago and European shops and give you the benefit of the middleman's profit. WRITE for free catalog and Violinist's Handbook.

WM. F. LEWIS & SON (Est. 1869) Makers and Importers
230 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Our Specialties: Strings for professional musicians; also imported woods, varnishes and tools for violin makers.

STAMPS 108 all diff., Transvaal, Serbia, Natal, Java, etc., and Album. 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 30c. 6c diff. U. S. 25c. 1000 hinges, 6c. Acts. wtd. 50 per ct. List Free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brilliante Av., St. Louis, Mo.

Now's the Time to Discard your Old Style Car and Get an Automobile of "Class"

You advertise yourself by your car.

Not by its name or its price, because not one man in a hundred knows the name or the price of a car at sight.

But everybody who has eyes and ears knows whether it is an up-to-date, quiet, conquering Six, or some other type that the Six has superseded.

Granting that you are indifferent to the opinions of other people as to yourself and your car, you ought, nevertheless, to own a Six—a Winton Six, because of its intrinsic merit—the quantity and character of service you get from it.

You'll love your Winton Six because it is as smooth in its operation as your 17-jewel watch;

—as quiet as a calm sea;

—has all the power you'll ever need, much of it (unused in ordinary work) always in reserve for speed or hills;

—goes through traffic and up inclines on high, seldom requiring gear changes;

—conquers the grades with astonishing ease;

—saves wear and tear, and tire and fuel expense;

—has a mechanically-infallible self-starter that ends your labor at the starting crank;

—goes the route like coasting down hill.

Automobile engineers are agreed that the Six represents finality of automobile construction until Edison makes a featherweight battery or somebody perfects a gasoline turbine engine.

But life is short, and time is fleeting, and if you want the best there is during *your* lifetime you will get a Winton Six for yourself and let your great grandchildren enjoy the turbine.

Don't worry about the Winton Six being experimental, either, because it is no more experimental than any other type of car. It has stood the test. No, not a Glidden tour or a Vanderbilt race test, but a bona fide service test in the hands of individual owners.

Ten owners swear that their ten Winton Sixes ran 65,687.4 miles, (more than twice around the world) on an upkeep cost of \$1.00 for each 4343 miles. That doesn't sound experimental, does it? If you'd like to have the detailed facts and affidavits, we will be glad to send them to you, so you can compare Winton Six mileage and expense records with the records of your own car.

By purchasing a Winton Six you save at the start. By running a Winton Six you avoid heavy upkeep bills. And its service is unapproachably delightful.

The 48 H. P. Winton Six with five passenger or roadster body costs \$3000. That's from \$1000 to \$2000 less than the same or lower power costs in cars of old style. The 60 H. P. Winton Six with seven passenger or roadster body costs \$4500. This is the exclusive car for 1909, because the output will be limited.

We suggest that you get our catalog. Packed full of automobile facts. We'll send you also the details of our \$2500 prize plan to benefit owners.

Write us today (not because our output is sold, for it isn't) but because it is high time you set yourself right on the subject of automobiles.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

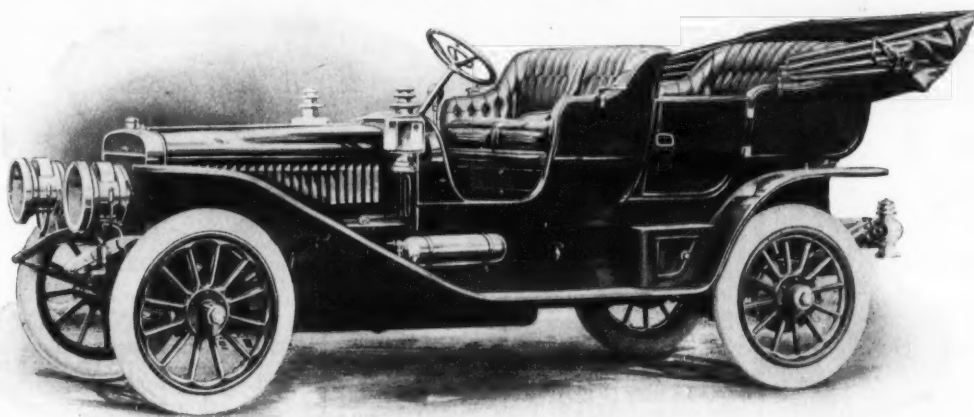
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

10500 Berea Road N. W., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Winton Branch houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco. Winton agencies in all important places.

WINTON SIX

Goes the Route Like Coasting Down Hill



On the trail—

Grand Canyon of Arizona

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is the most stupendous, most awful, most mysterious, most beautiful, most gigantic, most alluring scene in all the world—and yet a child may enjoy it.

Imagine a gash in the earth's crust, six thousand feet deep, eleven times as wide, with a river like the Mississippi at the bottom, the space from rim to rim partly filled by huge peaks, eroded in fantastic shapes—all colored like a rainbow.

And on the rim a dense pine forest, the air pure and bracing. And in the Coconino forest, near the gorge's brink, a quarter-of-a-million dollar hotel, as "comfy" as a country cluo.

You can get there in about two days from Chicago, three days from New York and one day from Los Angeles, on the luxurious

California Limited

en route to or from winterless California on the Santa Fe. This train carries a Pullman for the Canyon, and has new equipment this season.

Won't you write to me to-day for our two illustrated Canyon booklets—"Titan of Chasms" and "El Tovar"? They give full details. You will be surprised to learn how easily the journey can be made and for how little expense.

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
1116 R Railway Exchange, Chicago



To Japan and China

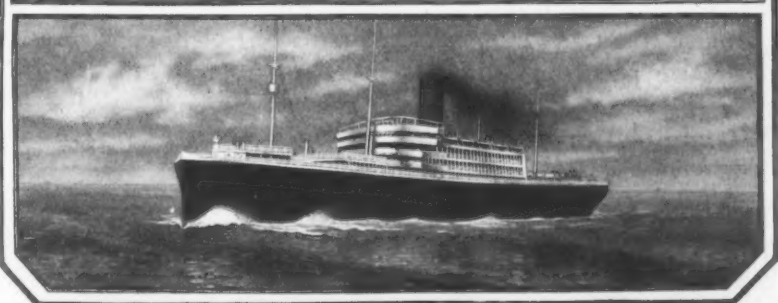
If you go this fall, go on the luxurious Trans-Pacific liner—the largest and most comfortable boat in service between Seattle and the Orient—the famous

Steamship "Minnesota"

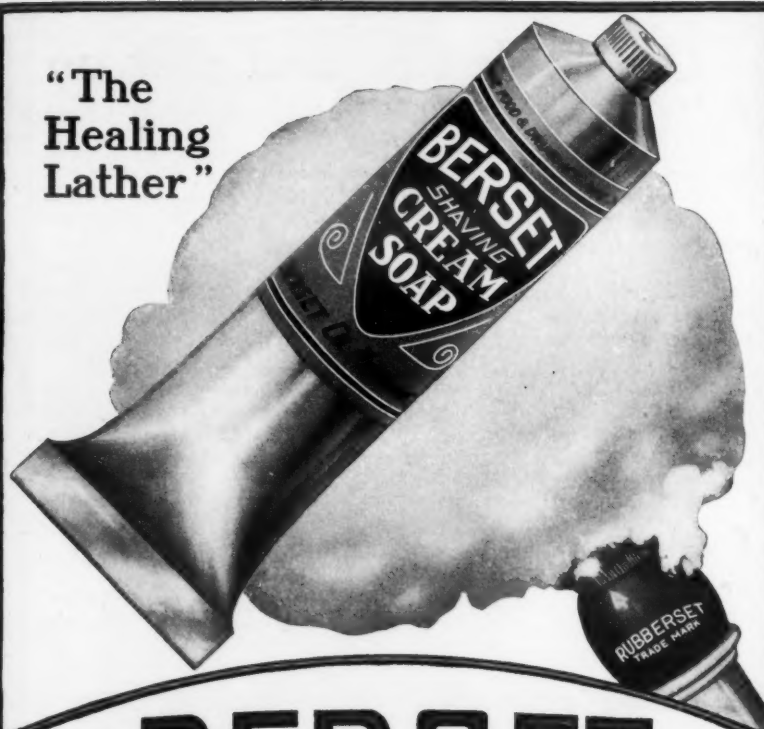
Sails from Seattle, November 24. For illustrated literature, rates, reservations and detailed information address any representative of the Great Northern Railway, Northern Pacific Railway, or most convenient office of the

Great Northern Steamship Co.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
W. C. THORN, Trav. Pass't Agt., 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. A. ROSS, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Seattle, Wash.
BOSTON—201 Washington St. and 227 Old South Bldg.
NEW YORK—179 and 189 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA—836 and 711 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO—220 and 208 South Clark St.



"The
Healing
Lather"



BERSET Shaving Cream Soap

It's the lather as much as the razor that makes a comfortable shave.

If the beard is not properly softened the sharpest razor will pull and scrape.

Heretofore the trouble has been that the more you rubbed in the lather to soften the beard, the more annoying were the after effects of the shave. The lather forced into the pores dried and irritated them.

When you use Berset Shaving Cream Soap all these troubles disappear. No more drawn, dried, smarting faces—no more need of creams and lotions to allay skin irritation.

Berset Shaving Cream Soap is composed of Glycerine, the well-known skin healer, and Cocoanut Oil, the pore cleanser and skin food. It contains no free alkali to dry and parch the skin and to irritate the sensitive pores. On the contrary, it is antiseptic and healing, will not dry on the face, and is positively good for the skin. Put up in collapsible tubes, it is more sanitary and more convenient than ordinary shaving soaps and the last drop is as easy to get as the first.

After shaving with Berset Shaving Cream Soap the face will feel smooth and soft—the pores will be cleansed, but yet retain their natural amount of oil, and the skin will feel refreshed and stimulated.

For Shampooing, Berset Shaving Cream Soap will be found superior to anything you ever used. Leaves the scalp in perfect condition and the hair smooth and silky.

25 cents a tube at dealers'.

Sample tube sufficient for one month's shaving sent to any address on receipt of a 2 cent stamp to cover postage.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY,

Sales Office:
5214 Metropolitan Tower,
New York City.

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory:
59 Ferry Street,
Newark, N. J.

Branch Offices—Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal.

to betray. Your message turns out to be the actor's conception of the stage-manager's conception of the "Governor's" conception of what ought to have been your message, namely: "Tell your friends they will like this show \$2 worth." And what is left of the self which sought expression through this three-ply screen is difficult to recognize even by the one who owns it or disowns it.

As a means of self-support it is about as reliable as any other form of gambling, and considerably more interesting.

Peter's Play

(Continued from page 17)

she told him. "My dance is played out. I haven't got any voice, I wore it out when I was little, singing duets with papa. Oh, my dance is done for all right—the bokays are withered on its grave, and every new one I get's a fizzle. If this keeps up, pretty soon my booking won't hardly pay for my costumes."

"Must you be so wonderfully dressed?" asked masculine wisdom.

"Oh, I'd think it was a shame not to have my things right! But it does seem tough," she said, "to have made your hit and be down and out before you're twenty!"

"Oh!" cried Peter.

She looked up at him with a different glance, bold and shy and brimming with some still hidden speech; she gave the chair before her a friendly little kick with her small, scarlet shoe. "Want to sit down?" she asked.

"Of course people don't believe that's all I am—my age, I mean," she said after he was seated. "I've been on the stage since I was born, and I guess they think I'm old enough to die. Professionals, I mean. You never heard of me before I danced by myself, did you?"

"Four years ago next month," said Peter.

"No, I'd never got heard of before that. I've often wondered why I wasn't a luckier little youngster, like some of 'em, for they said I was the best baby—even when I was in long clothes I could be stolen and rescued and clasped to the heroine's bosom while she lighted in to the villain and never a cry out o' me. It's funny how things go in this world. I've played baby Harry when mama was crossing the ice and little Eva in the same show and blacked up for a picaninny song-and-dance in between—everybody said I did 'em all right, and yet I never made much out of it. I was the youngest Lord Fauntleroy in the business, I guess, and then again mama was always spending an awful lot o' money having my pictures taken in China silk slips with wreaths hung on me (Lord, I spent my whole life in curl papers, and you bet I rest now and wear a wig!), or else in low-necked rags out in a snowstorm—lots o' children's fortunes been made that way, but somehow there wasn't ever anything in it for me. Can you make those things out?"

"And nobody took care of you?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes, mama always kept me in the same company with her till she died—that was when I was ten. We were playing in a tank-drama that winter; she got a bad cold, and it was awful for her to keep on being thrown in the tank, but she was afraid to say so for fear they'd get somebody stronger; it makes you think there's something good and rotten in things when you come to think about it. But here. This is just a hard-luck story—papa and I believe in luck—and you want to go out front!"

"Do you mean you'd like to have me go?" asked Peter.

"Why—your play."

"Yes, that's a hard-luck story, too. Do you think it didn't interest me?"

"Oh, I know, I know—that's why—There's the curtain!"

"What did you do next?" Peter asked.

"Why, papa and I did a turn in vaudeville, then, till I was fourteen. We were singing 'Razzle-Dazzle' and 'The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo' out in Dakota when the baby died. There were two others littler than me, but I liked him best. I wouldn't leave the others after that, and the society got down on the whole bunch of us about then and wouldn't let us work any more. I began again when I was sixteen; they couldn't help that, o' course, but those two years we used up all the money I'd saved—you see, there was four of us."

She stopped, but Peter did not move. She turned her softly dimpled wrists over and over in her lap as if she criticized them gravely, and then she began poking out with her fan the laces that formed about her shoulders, the glittering ruffles of her little sleeve. Still he continued to

NEW YORK FASHION BOOK

Beautifully FREE Illustrated

MEN—WOMEN—CHILDREN

Macy's wonderful new 450 page New York Fashion Book which we will send you free, illustrates in beautiful half tone and describes accurately, exactly the same styles which New Yorkers admire as they daily crowd the immense doors of the main carriage entrance of our great store, on Broadway, 34th to 35th Streets.

In the 88 different departments we are now exhibiting over \$5,000,000 worth of new Autumn and Winter merchandise, the products from our factories in America and Europe, and the choicest goods bought by our expert buyers in all parts of the world. This 450 page Book which we are going to send you free shows the most carefully chosen selections from this immense stock.

ASK YOUR FRIEND

If you don't know Macy's and the great 11 story Macy building and the magnificent displays, ask one of your traveled and experienced friends to tell you about our famous store, or just send us a postal card and we will send you a copy of the new Book free. We are sure you will want one, because all over the United States men and women of position in cultured homes are delighted with the convenience and the economy which the Macy system is affording.

You will enjoy the handsome half tone illustrations and interesting descriptions of the Made-to-Measure Suits, Millinery, Shirt Waists, Fur and fashions for Men's Apparel for all occasions and the most stylish garments for Boys and Girls, and suggestions for Furnishing and Decorating your home. You will be sure of having real New York styles and genuine New York prices.

MACY'S GUARANTEE

Remember that for over 50 years R. H. Macy & Co. has been established right in the heart of New York City and that the policy of selling the best goods at the lowest prices has made Macy's famous, the world over. We sell everything under a satisfaction guarantee, which means that we return your money immediately and without question if any purchase you make fails to meet your expectation or satisfy your good taste. Write us a postal to-day—better write now.

ASK FOR FASHION BOOK B

R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Price

Macy's

R. H. MACY & CO.

Broadway, 34th and 35th Sts., New York

Thousands of
Boys and Girls

Made Happy
Each
CHRISTMAS

by the
**ZENO
Mfg. Co.
Chicago.**




Write today how to
obtain free Christmas
Presents.
**SAVE WRAPPERS From
ZENO CHEWING GUM**

Address **ZENO MFG. CO.**
Dept. K, Chicago

A copy of the new book of Collier Art Prints

contains 132 reproductions

the works of Parrish, Pyle, Remington, Frost, Penfield and the foremost American artists. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

**For 15 Cents we send you this Book
Prepaid and Rebate the 15 cents
with your first purchase of one dollar
or more.**

This book is a thing of beauty and of educational value—too valuable to send free—but when you realize that it contains 48 Gibson reproductions, 27 Remingtons, and 55 others—Maxfield Parrish's beautiful Arabian Nights Prints, Edward Penfield's Animal Pictures for the Nursery, Jessie Willcox Smith's Pictures of Children—132 in all, it is certain you will want the book and some of the pictures as well. Mail 15 cents in stamps. Address

**Proof Dept., P. F. Collier & Son
412 W. 13th St., New York**



WATER For Your Country or Suburban Home

An Abundant Supply Delivered Under Strong Pressure to All Fixtures

YOUR country or suburban home can be provided with all the sanitary conveniences and comforts which are possible with the best city water works system. You can have an abundant supply of water, delivered under strong pressure to all fixtures and hydrants—to the bathroom, kitchen, laundry, lawn, garden, barn—anywhere.

This service will be yours, day after day for a lifetime, if you install the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

With the Kewanee System, there is no elevated or attic tank to freeze, overflow, leak or collapse. Instead, a Kewanee Pneumatic Tank is located in the cellar or buried in the ground, and the water is delivered by air pressure.

Over eight thousand Kewanee Systems in successful operation, supplying water for country and suburban residences, clubs, farms, schools, public and private institutions, villages, etc.

The Kewanee System is not an imitation—not a substitute. It is the original water supply system involving the use of air pressure instead of gravity pressure. Avoid cheap imitations. Look for our trade mark and name plates on tanks and pumping machinery. Get the genuine and you will take no chances—we guarantee that.

Expert engineering service is free. Every Kewanee System thoroughly guaranteed—a guarantee which protects you. Write for our complete illustrated catalog No. 34.

Kewanee Water Supply Company, Kewanee, Ill.
820 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
1566 Hudson-Terminal Bldg., 50 Church Street,
New York City
710 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Two Guns in One

The U. S. Three-Barrel Gun
Two Shot Gun—One Rifle Barrel

No need to carry two guns to get every kind of game you find—one U. S. Three-Barrel Gun is enough. With it you are prepared for large or small game. A standard weight, 8½ to 9½ pounds, neat 12, 16 or 20-gauge double-barrel shot gun—of finest material, workmanship, finish and constructive principle.

Birds or Big Game

Rifle is bored with scientific precision and lies underneath. It gives extra flat trajectory and is perfectly adapted to the new high-power smokeless powder shells. Five sizes, from 25-20 to 35-40—a wide range for selection. The perfect gun for a mixed game.

Our literature sent free, shows details of mechanism and finish full size. Write today. Let us tell you about our famous Trap Gun too.

Three-Barrel Gun Company
1206 Market St. Wheeling, W. Va.
Factories at Moundsville, West Virginia

HANDIHOOK

See How Handy?

A push with your thumb—and it's in. That's the whole story of the Handihook—the clever new hook. No hammering. No screwing. You can hang anything with a Handihook—anywhere—any time—in an instant. And it hangs a small picture just as well as it does a heavy coat, and vice versa. Holds 10 pounds. Will not disfigure wall or woodwork. Small, neat and ornamental.

If you hang anything in your home, office or store—pictures, calendars, whisks, towels, coats, waists, skirts, kitchen utensils, etc.—hang it the Handihook way—the new way. Get some—you'll like the way they work. Four finishes. Brass, 25c doz. (tin metal, nickel and antique copper, 30c doz.)

If your stationary or hardware dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 10c for Sample Assortment.

A. GOERTZ & CO., 283 Morris Ave., Newark, N.J.

BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEP CAUSES PAINS THROUGH THE FEET AND LEGS SIMILAR TO RHEUMATISM. Also lameness and tenderness of feet and possible deformity. **C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT** will prevent all this.

50 C. PER PAIR

Your Dealer or by Mail. Give size shoe. Men's or Women's.

The C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. SC, Brockton, Mass.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

lean toward her, waiting; and, seeing this, she suddenly began to pour forth a slow but unbroken torrent of brief sentences in which she showed him, mingling one with another, kaleidoscopic pictures of a strange girlhood, of a child taking care of children, cooking and ironing, scrubbing and sewing, in a half-furnished tenement; or dining with her father on his lucky days at famous restaurants, in shabby, outgrown clothes, with chapped hands, with broken shoes, with queer, moth-eaten furs and a brand-new picture hat; or always looking, looking for work; or being so tired that when her father got passes she would fall asleep in the warm peace of the theaters; and then of a dazzling brief success and the long slow failure after it. Through all her talk she was half the busy and distracted mother, planning, slaving, sending the others to school, and half the hungry, shrewd, and eager child, but wholly innocent and kind; through all her talk Peter was aware of something not so much a change as a development, of something growing and brightening in his brain, of something coming to life in the very depth and bottom of his heart. So that when she said, "And what's to become of me, after all! What's to become of me?" he only looked up at her, quietly, candidly to ask: "Can you use my play?"

"Oh!" She sprang up, and her movement brought him also to his feet. They stood facing each other with their looks striking fire. "Not your play! Your play!"

"What does the play matter?" Peter said. "What do you take me for?"

As they stood they could hear the orchestra striking up for the end of the third act, they could hear the burr of the descending curtain and the brief, faint applause as from a veiled and far-off world. But such a reality was here compelling his attention that that lack of applause did not occur to Peter till he read its shadow on her face. "Papa's lost his bet!" she said. "But don't mind—don't believe the play'll fail everywhere because it's failed down here to-day. There's another reason papa can't take it now, anyhow," she softly added.

Failed! That was true, then. It was a failure! Why was it, then, that he didn't care? No, he didn't care!

And out of the strange and horrid desert where he had stifled for a moment he came back to face the challenge in the eyes of Dilsey May. And to face also his own nature, which spoke to him in a new tone, in a voice very searching and profound, and told him that his business was here in the imperative, keen present, that here in this room, at once flaring and dingy, in this hot reek of cheap scent and shoddy color and Dilsey's excited talk a miracle was being wrought for him. Yes, this was it, this was it! This was what the whole day had tried to say to him, what the audience had tried to teach him; it was for the lack of this his play had failed, for the lack of something grained and hardy and perhaps a little coarse, something gaudy and domestic and ingenious, common, like life. Oh, his dancer, however martyred, dreamed no more in floating glory; now after long years for the first time he looked clearly at the actual woman, and as he studied her with the eyes that she had opened there fell away from her that old enchanted glamour. The little figure lost, like Cinderella's robes, its mist and foam, its screen of cloud and light, and he saw her dressed in garish gilt and satin and decked with bits of colored glass, her mask of paint daubed red and white, stuck with stiff black eyelashes and smeared with tears, framed in the false and brassy glitter of spurious curls, the mouth opening to a rough voice, to uncouth speech, and squalid revelations, so that now above that supple, silken skin, he saw the cracked and bleeding hands, the broken nails of long ago, and beside the brazen clink of her high heels he watched the broken shoes run from the wash-tub to the stove. And that was why the love that his fancy had been playing with so long at last went down on its knees to her and put its life under her feet.

Peter had come to the real thing, the thing that belonged to neither type nor vision, but just to Dilsey May, the thing that was entirely grown-up. If hitherto his fancy for a dream of mere unhappy delicacy had been only a fancy it had led him the right road; he knew that whatever Dilsey's message said it would go to the tune of his own life. He did not form this into thought, but only into the emotion with which he put out his hand and took hold of her bare arm. "Wait!" he said. "You don't know me, I know. And I've no money. But wait. Believe in me a little while. Try. Do."

She did not move out of his grasp, but "It couldn't even be," she said. "I'm a woman and I know. But you do think you care about me now, don't you? I knew that all along, o' course. You do,

Don't Buy a Stove or Range Until You First See How Much You Save By Getting

**"A Kalamazoo
Direct to You"**

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

YOU want to make every cent you spend this year count for quality and economy. If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our factory prices. I promise you that I will save you \$5, \$6 or \$10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as \$18, \$20 and even \$30 on our largest. And I promise you that you cannot get anywhere at any price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and compare the Kalamazoo quality and prices, with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. That will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers' prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges?

We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices.

On 360 Days' Approval Test— WE PAY THE FREIGHT

I promise, in black and white, to refund your money—every cent of it—if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturers—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this periodical, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to your interest to get our prices?

Send Postal For Catalogue

For Coal and Wood Stoves and Ranges, No. 176

For Gas Stoves and Ranges, No. 801

Fully describing more than 300 sizes and styles of Coal and Wood Ranges, Gas Stoves and Ranges, Coal and Wood Heaters, Hotel Ranges, Base Burners, Laundry Stoves, Etc. I know that if you get our prices—and see our quality you will not even think of buying any other make. Let me show you how much you can save.

William Thompson, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Atlas
MOTOR CARS

Simply and power are the features which make the Atlas Two-Cycle, Two-Cylinder engine unequalled for the Town Car. The simplest engine made, *valveless*, with five moving parts only, two cylinders operating on the two-cycle principle, giving extreme flexibility with practically the same power as the four-cycle, four-cylinder engine minus half the weight, and half the space, and without any complicated moving parts giving maximum power with minimum weight for space occupied.

A non-adjustable, silent and fool-proof engine, its wonderful flexibility practically eliminating the changing of speed gears on crowded city streets.

Luxuriously appointed, and embodying every requirement of comfort, convenience and safety. Our catalogue illustrates our other styles and should convince you of our claims. A demonstration certainly will. Write for nearest agent.

Atlas Motor Car Co., 78 Birnie Av., Springfield, Mass.

PATENTS

NEW BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

O'BRIEN & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

PARKER'S Arctic Socks

Engineered in U. S. Patent Office.

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, like a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.

J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. 72, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

40% OFF!

WRITE today for the complete MARSHALL catalogue and special 40 PER CENT discount sheet quoting the most surprising values in Diamonds, Jewelry, Cut Glass and Silverware.

Marshall grades are standards in the jewelry trade. Our "F" or "First" grade diamonds are so rare in quality that not one jeweler in ten ever sees a stone on line. Our new discount sheet quotes 40 PER CENT OFF all catalog prices, including these rare quality diamonds. Here, for instance, is a beautiful Tiffany Ring, set with a remarkably beautiful "F" grade diamond for \$25.00. Terms, \$5.00 a month, or 4 per cent cash discount. Cash OR monthly payments, AT 40 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

WRITE for catalog and 40 per cent discount sheet.

W. S. Hyde, Jr., Pres. GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.) A. S. Trust, Sec'y
103 State Street, Suite 1187, Chicago, Ill.

Need a HOME for Your Books?

Everybody has books nowadays. Low prices have brought so many volumes into every home—and keeping them in so fast—that the problem is where to store them.

Viking
Sectional Bookcase

answers the question. Begin with one section if that is all you need and add to it as your library grows. The Viking is built by Skandia Craftsmen at extraordinary prices. It comes in plain and quarter-sawn oak in any finish, mahogany and other choice woods. Cases are made dust and damp proof by double tops. Doors are air-cushioned to prevent slamming and breaking of glass, and slip back smoothly and noiselessly on frictionless steel guides. Ask for the Viking in any first-class furniture store. If not carried in your town, write to us for our approval plan. Money back if not satisfied. Send for free Viking book giving full illustrations and descriptions. There's a section for every purpose.

We make a full line of buffets, china cabinets, desks, etc., of the same superior quality and finish as our bookcases. Address

SKANDIA FURNITURE CO.
Dept. 60, Rockford, Ill.

\$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of \$150

In the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from \$25.00 to \$50.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 4,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog, American Box Ball Co.,
PATERSON, 1616 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

\$2,000 In Cash PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE.....\$250.00
SECOND PRIZE.....225.00
THIRD PRIZE.....200.00
FOURTH PRIZE.....175.00
FIFTH PRIZE.....150.00
And 1,000 Prizes of \$1.00 each in cash

To Be Given Absolutely Free to Winners
in this

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream NAME CONTEST

Also 1,000 Regular 50c. Bottles of Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream will be given, as explained below; thus making 2,005 Prizes to be awarded.

This contest is not difficult, and so many prizes make it possible for a large number of the contestants to be rewarded for their efforts. It begins at once, and closes December 31, 1908, at 5 P.M. All that you are required to do is to form the greatest possible number of common English Christian (given) names, male and female, from the letters contained in the five words,—"Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream." For example:—there is only one L in those five words, therefore, a name having more than one L, like *Nellie*, cannot be allowed;—the name *Alice*, however, having only one L, is correct and will be accepted. The letter E occurs but twice in those five words; therefore, a name containing more than two E's cannot be allowed. Alphabetical arrangement of names and correct spelling are also requirements for the prize winning. Spellings will be accepted as authorized by Webster, Worcester, the Century and Standard Dictionaries.

The lists of names should be written very plainly on separate paper from any letter you may wish to enclose. Give the total number of names, and be sure to sign your own full name, with street address, city and state. Do not neglect this, for we will have no other way of finding you. The prizes will be mailed to winners as soon as possible after contest closes. If there is anything not fully understood, write us at once for further explanation.

The person sending the greatest number of correct names will receive first prize.

next second third fourth fifth

The 1,000 persons whose replies are next lower than the fifth grade will receive \$1.00 each. this latter grade "each a 50c. Bottle of Hinds' Cream."

If two or more persons should send the greatest number of correct names, the first prize will be divided equally among them; and if two or more persons should send in the next greatest number of correct names, the second prize will be equally divided among them. The same plan will be followed in awarding the third, fourth and fifth prizes.



Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream is a pure snow-white liquid that keeps the skin soft, smooth, clear and healthy. It is antiseptic, cleansing and wonderfully healing. It will prevent and heal Chapped Hands and Face, relieving as soon as applied. Is best for hard, dry, cracked or sore skin. It is not sticky nor greasy, and is guaranteed not to aid a growth of hair. It is absolutely safe, and free from bleach or chemicals. 50c. at all dealers, or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us for same amount.

A. S. HINDS, 112 West St., Portland, Maine

H&R REVOLVERS

**A reliable revolver is a guard against surprise.
A good thing to have handy.**

Whether you are a bold hunter in the heart of the forest or a timid woman in the atmosphere of home, an H & R Revolver affords both confidence and protection.

For over thirty-six years we have been the most exacting critics in firearms manufacturing.

That is why an H & R Revolver never disappoints—because it is dependable, safe, certain, accurate. It is the weapon for you.

Our illustrated catalog is replete with styles and sizes, among which we would especially recommend our H & R Automatic, double action, 32 caliber, 6 shot, or 35 caliber, 5 shot, 3 1/2 inch barrel, nickel finish, \$6.00. H & R Hammerless, \$7.00.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Rather than accept substitutes order from us direct. Write to-day for this beautiful catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS COMPANY
447 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

BRASS BAND Instruments

Let us send you our big new catalog of 312 pages full of illustrations of Band and Orchestra Instruments. If you want the best you must have a "Lyon & Healy" Cornet—sent anywhere on trial and approval. See our unequalled endorsements of leading players. New bands can also get better and cheaper outfits from us than elsewhere. Complete Sets from \$80 upward. New Champion Cornets, \$8.00. Monthly payments may be arranged. Old Instruments taken in exchange.

LYON & HEALY

62 Adams Street, CHICAGO

PONDS EXTRACT

THE BEST PART OF THE SHAVE IS WHEN YOU COME TO

Relieves Irritation
Prevents Inflammation
Assures Comfort

Used by Men of Discrimination Everywhere

Write for interesting book, "Shaving Essentials"—mailed free on request.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, New York

"Lighten" Your Labor With "SUN" LIGHT.

Make work easy with the bright, soft pleasant light of the

SUN Incandescent

100 candle power each burner. Handsome fixtures, 1, 2, 3, 4 burners. The "Sun" Outshines Them All.

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO.,

Turns night into day. No smoke, grease, odor. Hollow Wire Systems also.

Gasoline LAMP

Agents make good commissions. Get catalog and terms. Satisfaction or Money Back.

362 Market St., Canton, O.

don't you?—Please let go of me. It's time for my dance."

On the threshold she paused and held out her hand, and then awkwardly and quickly dropped it with a queer giggle. "Well, good-by!"

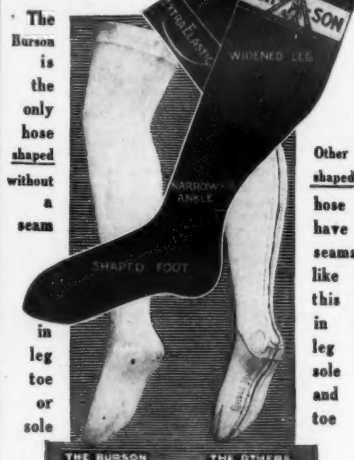
"No!" said Peter, who had never stirred. "Oh, yes, it's good-by all right, but there's something you want to remember just the same, for a while yet anyhow, while you're down on your luck, and they're all jumping on you and you still think that I'm pretty and you like me—you want to understand that I liked your play, that it wasn't wrong because it was different; it's right, right; it's great, and that a man should know it, a man—it's funny! I know I'm not educated nor anything, and I don't blame you if you thought it was beyond me and I couldn't appreciate it, but I wanted it so, if you know what I mean—oh, I guess I appreciate it all right! It's made all the difference to me, everything; it's made me know things I always hoped were so; it frightened me, and yet it made me happy, and that's why—yes, it was account of that I ever noticed you in the first place, that was why I began to like you—There's my music! Oh!" she cried, "remember—about me!" and she was gone. He could hear the rattle of the little cymbals on her heels, the swing and clatter of her jewel-stiffened skirts as she ran hard down the hall.

PETER stood for a long time as she had left him. All his new power and knowledge, everything which he had felt growing in him, quickening and stirring him, expanding and enriching, was gathering itself into a single outlet of expression; there was nothing in his life that it could run into but his work. It was to that indeed she had responded, and it was by that he must prove himself. The new life which she had infused into his idea, into his play, was molding both it and him in the white heat of an emotional wisdom like the rooted forces of many years come suddenly to flower in the sun of a single noon. Later on Mr. May found him in the property room, where he had begged writing materials, blocking out bulky paragraphs, scribbling strange notes. "It's too bad the little play was a failure, my lad," Mr. May condescended; and—"Oh, that's all right," said the failure's author. "Just be still, will you, while I work!"

OUT-OF-DOORS it was still afternoon when Peter walked up Fifth Avenue on Dilsey's errand. The pavements were damp with a light rain and shiny with the faint, struggling sun that now followed it. The fresh air was very sweet, but it seemed a little alien to Peter's nostrils. He had taken the envelope from his pocket to make sure of the address, and he felt the enclosure shift and slide and double on itself. It was curiously heavy, and then, in the moment of his thinking so, he understood what it was. He closed his fingers so sharply on the necklace that a diamond broke the envelope and sparkled in the light. And then Peter knew that, however Dilsey had trusted his interpretation, he had but half understood her after all. "There's something you want to remember just the same . . . that I liked your play . . . it's made all the difference to me, everything . . . it frightened me, and yet it made me happy, and that was why . . . it was on account of that I began to like you." Then he remembered she had said there was some other reason why her father could not produce the play. So that was why! Is it any wonder that Peter looked out upon Fifth Avenue and saw it going down before him, looked out upon the city's myriad ways and saw them all flowing into his hands? He had conquered the greatest thing, and should he not conquer the less and put its keys into her hands? Only the brave deserve the fair, said the bright street and the lifting clouds to Peter, who in assenting with all his heart did not forget to ask what then is the due of the fair when they are also the very brave? He was still not afraid to hope; if he remembered that for to-day he was a failure, that he must go back to the boarding-house and the typist, that he must begin to build again with shifting words the work which was to win the world, there was something else he must now remember too, the cracking of the envelope in his hand that told him of his play's success.

REDUCE THE CARES of housekeeping. One decidedly practical way is to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk. The convenience and economy will please you. Dilute Peerless Milk with water to any desired richness.—Adc.

BURSON FASHIONED HOSE



Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out—note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

All dealers should have the BURSON.

If your dealer hasn't, write us.

BURSON KNITTING CO., Rockford, Ill.

Albrecht Furs

Northern-Caught
"From Trapper to Wearer Direct"

Leaders of fashion everywhere wear the famous "Albrecht Furs." Made in Saint Paul, the city which produces the best furs in the world. Buying furs "From Trapper to Wearer Direct" saves you all middlemen's profits; and gives you the manufacturer's guarantee that your furs are exactly as represented.

Illustration Shows Albrecht 1908 Model 70F and Animal Muff to Match

One of our handsomest animal skin effects. Extremely popular. Fur on both sides. Animal muff in latest model, large and stylish. Introductory Prices, for 30 days only: British Columbia Mink, \$67.50—muff \$76.50; Japanese Mink, \$28.50—muff \$35.50; Blended Sable Squirrel, \$19.50—muff \$23.50; Blended River Mink, \$13.50—muff \$17.50. Sent express prepaid on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

68 PAGE CATALOG NO. 15
Most Complete Fur Fashion Book Ever Published
SENT FOR 4c IN STAMPS

Shows 150 latest styles in garments; 500 models in neckwear and 140 kinds of muffs. Full descriptions of all kinds of furs. You take no risk in buying Albrecht Furs by mail because we positively guarantee satisfaction or we promptly refund your money.

E. ALBRECHT & SON, 6th and Minnesota Sts.
Station F, St. Paul, Minnesota

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

CALOX is the only Oxygen Tooth Powder and it's the Oxygen that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the teeth. The Oxygen in Calox penetrates into every crevice and cavity of the teeth, destroying all germs, preventing decay and whitening the teeth by its harmless bleaching properties.

"The OXYGEN Does It"

All Druggists 25 Cents

Dainty Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on receipt of Five Cents.

McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York

SIGN OF GOOD CLOTHES GREAT WESTERN TAILORING CO.

A Live Wire From A Live Tailor

You can dress better at no more cost than now—by using our tailoring service. Right in your home town you can dress as well as if you patronized a fashionable metropolitan tailor and at about half the cost. Every garment is perfectly tailored by an expert, and we unreservedly guarantee cloth, trimmings, workmanship and fit. You are the judge—your conception of the style and fit perfectness of the clothes must be realized. Any garment which in your eyes is "found wanting," our dealers are authorized to return.

Suit or Overcoat \$18 to \$40

One dealer in every town shows our fashionable line of woollens. He knows the Great Western Measurement System and can fit any man perfectly. Write for name of dealer in your town. We will send you a picture—a real work of art—of the most beautiful woman in America, winner of the "National Beauty Contest," together with the new style plates. Write now lest you forget it.

Great Western Tailoring Co.
W. D. Schmidt, Pres., Chicago



Illustrating, Cartooning, Commercial Designing taught by artists trained in American and European Schools. Instruction adapted to each student's needs. Advisory Board of world's best artists approves lessons. Test Work Sent FREE to ascertain individual talents and needs. State course wanted. You assume no obligation. Mechanical, Architectural and Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting also taught successfully. **ACME School of Drawing**, 3616 South St., Kalamazoo, Mich. If interested, ask about The ACME Resident School in Kalamazoo.

TULANE UNIVERSITY of LOUISIANA NEW ORLEANS

E. B. CRAIGHEAD, LL.D., President

DEPARTMENTS:

Graduate Department
Academic Colleges
Newcomb College for Women
Teachers College
Law Department
Medical Department
Post-Graduate Medical Department
Pharmacy Department

For Catalogues address, **RICHARD K. BRUFF**, Secretary

BE A BETTER BOOK KEEPER

U. S. I. Course in Modern Accounting
Personal instructions by mail will double your earning power. Complete and up-to-date. Booklet Free. Fair price and easy terms. Address,
U. S. INSTITUTE OF MODERN ACCOUNTING, 5 Bayston Bldg., Chicago

The Best Art School

Resident and Correspondence
Thorough and Reliable Courses in
Designing, Illustrating, Cartooning
G. H. Lockwood, Instructor, 16 years' practical experience, author of first course of this kind in America. 1902. Guarantee plan, Free Test Lesson. Write today for full information and Free sample copy Student's Art Magazine.
Lockwood-Stoltz Art School, Dept. A, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Get on UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL

The pay is good, the work congenial, and promotion rapid in the U. S. Civil Service. If you are an American man or woman over 18 you are eligible for any government position if you pass the Civil Service Examination. To learn how you can qualify in your spare time, write for our free I. C. S. booklet.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1198-C, Scranton, Pa.

HOME STUDY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
OFFERS
350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economists, and many others.
The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO BE AN ENGRAVER

Our Correspondence Course saves apprenticeship time. Teaches you the Art of Engraving at home. Write now for booklet and information.
REES ENGRAVING SCHOOL, 32 Steele Bldg., Elmhurst, N. Y.

LOOKING FOR A SCHOOL OR CAMP? YOU CAN FIND THE SCHOOL WANTED by writing School Agency, 527-41 Park Row, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

NEXT WEEK

Collier's

NOVEMBER
FICTION
NUMBER



The Cub Reporter

By REX BEACH

The best newspaper story written in years



He Also Serves

By O. HENRY

A story of the love-making of a heathen god—O. Henry at his best



McGennis's Promotion

By ROWLAND THOMAS

A tale of the white man's burden, by the author of the \$5,000 prize story "Fagan"



Pictures
Poems and
Articles



Collier's

November Fiction Number

Dated October 31

"We are averaging \$100 Per Week

with our Twentieth Century Cleaning Outfit."

—A. H. DEAN, Logansport, Ind.



Anyone with ordinary intelligence and small capital may do as well.

Twentieth Century Vacuum Cleaning Outfits

offer unlimited opportunities for persons with \$500 to \$1000 requiring no experience. Write for our book "Pay Dirt" and names of users in your territory.

We also make stationary outfits for residences which are fully described in "The Mount of the Broom," an illustrated brochure sent for the asking.

THE NATIONAL VACUUM CLEANING CO., Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

POCKET SYSTEM

Keep your notes and memos safe, tidy, alphabetically arranged and in your vest pocket right where you can lay your hand on the one you want at a moment's notice. Get a

VEST POCKET UNIMATIC Loose Leaf Memorandum Book

has all the above features of convenience. Sheet size 2 1/2 inches, 24 gilt edge sheets, with cover of genuine Black Morocco and leather tabbed index—sent postpaid or through your dealer for \$1. Your choice of rulings (see illustration).

Sieber & Trussell Mfg. Co.
4004 Laclede Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

A Furnace Regulator

Should be attached to every
Steam, Hot Water or Hot Air
Heating System

BECAUSE it saves coal and insures the comfort of a uniform temperature by automatically opening and closing the heater dampers as the temperature in the living room changes from the point at which the thermostat is set. Sold at a low price, under a positive guarantee, with a generous free trial offer. Remember the regulator does the work, you get the benefits, and

The Coal Man Pays For It

Time attachment if desired. Write today for circular and prices. Liberal terms to agents.

BECKAM REGULATOR CO., Dept. A, Chicago

50 ENGRAVED CARDS OF YOUR NAME \$1.00

IN CORRECT SCRIPT, INCLUDING PLATE
THE QUALITY MUST PLEASE YOU OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

HOSKINS PHILA.
801 CHESTNUT ST.

SQUAB BOOK FREE

Send for our handsome 1908 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first; our birds are largest and outsell all others. Our methods make a new business of squab raising and are widely copied.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 325 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence

Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for FREE CATALOG. Address
The Ward Fence Co.
Box 729, Decatur, Ind.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES for the Magazine. We sell stories and book MSS., on commission; we critique and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit"; tells how and gives the proof.
The National Press Association
54 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

Hunters' and Trappers' Guide \$10.000

pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Traps, Trappers' Secrets, Traps; Price \$2.00. We pay 10 to 50% more for Raw Furs, Hides, Skins than home buyers. Hides tanned into Hides. Send for Free List. Address
List. Anderson Bros., Dept. 13, Minneapolis, Minn.

CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS BOX

7.50 We pay the freight. 12 cans Canned Fruit, 25 lbs. Dried Fruit, Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Plums, Grapes, Figs, 8 lbs. Walnuts, Almonds, 3 1/2 Gal. Honey, 3 Scented Post Cards and One Price List Free.
California Fruit Products Co., Avenue 10, Colton, Calif.

A SPLENDID INCOME

You can easily earn it, men and women, selling the Campbell Skirt Marker. Easy, quick seller. An excellent device, which every woman wants. Write for agency. **McMartin Sales Co.**, 501 Ash St., Toledo, O.

TYPEWRITERS

All Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at \$4 to \$5 Mths. Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for catalog "M." Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced Rates on household goods to all Western points. 442 Marquette Building, Chicago, 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 551 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 280 Central Building, Los Angeles.

DO YOU STAMMER

Trial lesson explaining methods for home instruction sent FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis. GEO. A. LEWIS, 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. **EVANS, WILKENS & CO.**, Washington, D. C.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR "Merry Widow" shirt waist patterns, Swiss embroidered novelties, draw work, etc. Catalogue upon request. National Embroidery Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 699 B'way, New York.

AGENTS. GOOD MONEY EASILY MADE selling our 14 new patented articles. Each one a necessity to every woman and a rapid seller. No scheme. Sample to hustlers. A. M. Young & Co., 460 Howland Bldg., Chicago.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county. Handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 37 West 26th St., New York.

NOTICE TO AGENTS. BEST PHOTO PILLOW top on the market, biggest variety, highest grade work, prompt shipments, price 35c. The Harry M. Muller Co., sole makers, 409-411 Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IDEAL LAMP FILLER—SAVES BOTHER filling lamps. Handiest contrivance invented. Good agent's proposition. 100% profit. Sample and free catalog. Harry O. Mayo & Co., 1157 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. stereoscopes 25c. views 1c. portrait pillow tops 50c. English Art Plates \$1.00. 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-123 W. Adams St., Chicago.

PATENTED KEROSENE INCANDESCENT Burner. Attachable to any lamp. Produces 70 candlepower light, saves 50% kerosene; ready seller everywhere; agents protected. F. W. Gottschalk, 99 Chambers St., N.Y.

WRITE FOR THE BEST SOAP AND TOILET combinations for agents. Our soap, French milled. See our new Red Cross packages. Pierce Chemical Company, Desk 21, 152 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

BIG MONEY MADE BY SELLING OUR Identification, Registration Insurance Credentials. Virgin territory open for you; write today. Pontiac Insurance Agency, 1021 Monon Building, Chicago, Ill.

BE LOCAL SALES AGENT FOR "JUNIOR" Typewriter—famous, reliable, standard. Big money in big, two-hand action typewriter ever sold low as \$15. Big profits—easy sales. Easily carried about. Write Dept. 109, Junior Typewriter Co., 331 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Taft and Sherman, or Bryan and Kern pictures on handle. Good commission paid. Immediate profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS. MY SANITARY COFFEE MAKER produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler, and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention. Send 15c for 50c size, postpaid. Dr. Lyons, 184 Day Street, Pekin, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY. Metal Combination Rolling Pin—nine useful articles for the kitchen combined in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Forshae Manufacturing Co., Box 226, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS LOOK! WOMEN AND MEN. WE have just added 4 new big sellers. Rockford, Ill., agent worked 3 days, then ordered 100 doz. Particulars and special premium offer free. Fair Mfg. Co., Box 81, Racine, Wis.

AGENTS CAN MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our fine line of Fancy Goodies, Silk Shawls, Embroidered Waist and Dress Patterns, etc. Catalog and samples free. Liberal credit given. The Schwartz Importing Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

EMPLOYED WORKMEN WANTED AS REPRESENTATIVES in every shop to introduce Vance Hand Soap to fellow workmen. Big money can be made on the side. Any reliable man can soon work up an independent business. Send 10c for full size can and particulars. The J. T. Robertson Co., Box C, Manchester, Conn.

JUST OUT, "ALADDIN" CENTRAL-DRAUGHT kerosene mantle lamp. Produces gas from kerosene. Will revolutionize lighting methods. Large money-making possibilities. Agents wanted. Dept. 510-56 5th Ave., Chicago.

WE WANT SALESMEN TO HANDLE ASIDE line two rattling good products: superior quality novelties and general merchandise will buy. Pocket samples, good commission. Bullard Mfg. Co., 137 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

WE WISH TO OBTAIN IN YOUR LOCALITY a Secretary for The White Travel Clubs. Requires person of education and culture. Highly remunerative. H. C. White Co., 43 West 34th Street, New York.

400c TO AGENTS SELLING OUR PHOTO Pillow Tops, something new, \$1.30 profit on each. Agents earning money. Low prices on other photo novelties and portraits. L. B. Gordon, 155 E. Washington St., Chicago.

WHY NOT SELL SOAP? DEAD EASY. Everybody uses it. Everybody buys our swell five piece toilet assortment. 35c profit on every 50c sale. Can you beat it? Only manufacturers in this line. Send postal to-day. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW AUTOMATIC CURRYCOMB. Indispensable makes its own demand. First applicants control unlimited sales. Large profits. Trials without risk. Write Clean Comb Co., Dept. C, Racine, Wis.

HIGH COLLARS NEED "IDEAL SUPPORTERS." Instantly attached. No sewing or pinning. Hold the collar. Sample pair 10c. Quick profits in our Women's Novelties. Write Rosalind Co., 377-379 B'way, N.Y. City.

FOR THE HOME

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER. FOR 2c IN STAMPS we will send you a full pint sample of Knox Gelatine (enough for six portions) and our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." Knox Gelatine is the purest made and is a delicious and healthful dessert. If you have never tried it send for the sample and get acquainted. We know you will be surprised at its goodness. The regular size package makes two quarts and is sold by all good grocers. If you are now using it send us an empty gelatine box and 10c for a copy of the handsome "First Lesson" painting. Chas. B. Knox, 16 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.

BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH IS THE BEST finish for floors and interior woodwork. Not brittle; will not deface like shellac or varnish. Send for booklet. For sale by dealers in Paints, Hardware and House Furnishings. Butcher Polish Co., 536 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

A GYMNASIUM IN YOUR OWN HOME AT 1-50th the cost of regular apparatus. 6 different devices. Used separately or together. Remained without trouble. Write for catalog. J. Willig, 22 S. Sangamon St., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

START A DIVIDEND PAYING BUSINESS for yourself, placing "Premium" machines. No soliciting, no work. Large profit with small capital (\$11.00). Premium Vending Co., Lewis Bk., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES, FILM VIEWS, Magic Lanterns, Slides, and similar Wonders for Sale. Catalogue Free. We also buy Magic Machines, Films, Slides, etc. Harbach & Co., 309 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"JUBILEE EDITION" OF PAGE CATALOG free—issued in celebration of the Quarter-Centennial of Page Fence. Tells how over 300,000 farmers buy Page Fence made of High-Carbon Open-Heath Spring Steel Wire. Shows why it is the most economical fence on the market. Send today for Free "Jubilee Catalog." Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 3 Z, Adrian, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHY

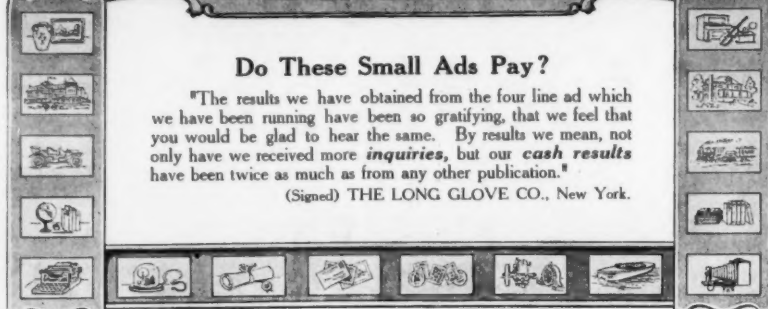
WE MAKE ONE 8 x 10 ENLARGEMENT for 25c, or 5 for \$1.00; one 11 x 14 for 50c, or 5 for \$2.00; from any size film or plate negative. All work satisfactory; money refunded. Send us trial order. F. T. King & Co., 51 C. Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

PHOTO FINISHING PROMPTLY BY MAIL. Highest grade work. Enlargements and copies a specialty; 2c. for prices, special offers and Agency proposition. Robt. C. Johnston, 12 No. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

GET YOUR KODAK FILMS FREE. WRITE for my prices on developing and printing. Free coupon with each order—good in exchange for Eastman films. Homer E. Howry, 606 Carondelet St., Los Angeles, Cal.

HAVE YOU A CAMERA? SEND 25c FOR 3 copies of a practical photo magazine. Monthly prizes, picture criticism, new processes. \$1.50 yearly. American Photography, 1159 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED



Do These Small Ads Pay?

"The results we have obtained from the four line ad which we have been running have been so gratifying, that we feel that you would be glad to hear the same. By results we mean, not only have we received more inquiries, but our cash results have been twice as much as from any other publication."

(Signed) THE LONG GLOVE CO., New York.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

RESPONSIBLE MEN WANTED TO HANDLE the most complete and up-to-date line of gasoline lighting systems on the market. Splendid opportunities for right parties. Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., Chicago. Address Dept. A.

INVESTIGATE THE MONEY MAKING possibilities in selling our Gasoline Lighting Systems. Most extensive line manufacturers. Big opportunities given to responsible men. Knight Light Co., 92 Illinois St., Chicago.

SALESMEN INTERESTED IN POST CARD side line write for new offer. Free sample outfit. Highest commissions. We manufacture complete line of albums, stands, cards and views. Continental Art Co., Chicago.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR CREW MANAGERS and solicitors to control exclusive sale high-grade non-competitive line selling direct to consumer. Exceptional product showing enormous profits. Virgin territory. Market unlimited. Sanitax Co., 237 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

BIG MONEY MADE SELLING AND APPOINTING agents to sell Hydro Carbon Lighting Systems. Our demonstrating system makes failure impossible. Wanted—a good man in every village and city in the world. Security Light & Tank Co., 169 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

SALESMEN FOR HIGH CLASS USED AUTO- mobiles, all prices; cars rebuilt and made like new by manufacturers; high commissions; great opportunity. Auto Clearing House, 240 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

SIDE LINE—CRACKERJACK SELLER. GOOD repeat—Magic Moving Picture Post Cards. The card that's alive. Good commission. Write today. G. W. Felsenbach & Co., 219 E. Van Buren Street, Chicago.

I KNOW THE TROUBLES OF A SALESMAN, because I have toiled the mark with those troubles every day for nearly twenty years as salesman, sales manager, and employer. Salesmanship is the greatest profession there is, and to be a good salesman is to be always sure of a good job and a fair share of the best things of earth. In five years more than 32,000 men have studied the Science of Salesmanship through The Sheldon School's Correspondence method. We can help you increase your efficiency and earnings. Write today for free book which explains how. Sheldon, 1117 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

THE KE-PA-GO IN TIRES AND THE DEF- ender tire covers cover the tire question and you can keep a going. Let us send you our new tire covers. Bebe-Elliott Company, Racine, Wis.

LIVE SALESMEN WANTED TO CARRY profitable regular or side line. Can sell to every auto owner. Liberal commissions. King Leather Tire Co., Dept. A, Milwaukee, Wis.

HELP WANTED

YOUNG MEN TO PREPARE FOR EXAM. FOR Railway Mail, other Govt. Positions. Superior instruction by mail. Estab. 14 yrs. Thousands of successful students. Questions and "How Govt. Positions are Secured," free. Inter-State Schools, 100 Iowa Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

WANTED. AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS for Made-to-Measure Underwear. Those taking orders for Custom Shirts and Clothes preferred. We also manufacture hosiery. Textile Mfg. Co., 261 E. Division Street, Chicago.

PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

WING PIANOS BEST TONED AND MOST successful. Est. 40 yrs. Real improvement in the greatest resonance. Sold direct. No agents. Sent on trial—freight paid, first, last and all the time by us—to show our faith in our work. If you want a good piano, you save \$75-\$200. Very easy terms. Slightly used "high-grades," \$75 up, taken in exchange for improved Wing pianos; thoroughly reconditioned. Send for bargain list. You should have anyway "Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 152 pp., N.Y. "World" says: "A book of educational interest everyone should have." Free for the asking from the old house of Wing & Son, 363-383 W. 13th Street, New York.

SAVE \$100 TO \$200 BY BUYING A HIGH grade used Piano. We have at all times an immense stock of good used pianos of best makes. Our list includes 4 Steinway Grand Pianos, 7 Steinway Uprights, 8 Knabe Grands and Uprights, 25 Starr Uprights, and hundreds of miscellaneous pianos. Send for lists. We sell everywhere. Jesse French Piano Co., 1111 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

IVERS & POND PIANOS. USED AND RECOM- mended by over 300 prominent Educational Institutions. In quality of tone, touch and tune staying, as well as in beauty of case design, Ivers & Pond pianos approach perfection. Where we have no dealer we sell direct from Boston, quote lowest prices, ship on approval, extend easy monthly payments and guarantee satisfaction, paying railroad freight both ways if piano fails to please. Our new catalogue picturing latest styles and giving important information mailed free upon request. Write today. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 137 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

MUSIC

200 GOOD, POPULAR SONGS POST PAID 25c. 176 pages in one volume, of great Scotch, Dandy, German and Irish melodies, and Comic Songs, words and music, which would cost you \$50.00 if bought by single copy. Our limited stock will not last long at the price; so write now. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co., 97 Rose St., New York.

TEN SONGS FOR TEN CENTS TO INTRODUCE our catalogue of Music Bargains. Words and music, full size, clear print, good paper; illustrated title in colors. The E. E. Loftis Co., Times Square, New York.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

DOMESTIC SCIENCE, HOME STUDY COURSE. For home-makers, teachers, and well paid positions. Ill. 70-page booklet, "Profession of Home Making," free. Am. School of Home Economics, 632 W. 69th St., Chicago.

GLOVES—SILK OR KID—DIRECT TO YOU from the manufacturer at a great saving. Send for our new catalog. Elbow length Kid Gloves \$2.00, \$2.50. Elbow length Silk Gloves \$3c, \$5c and \$1.25. Long Glove Co., Dept. C, 94 Warren Street, New York.

FIRELESS COOKING. MRS. COBY'S COM- plete publications, 30c, including Cook Book, Time Card, 10 Lessons, and 10 Complete Dinner Menus. Chicago School of Fireless Cooking, 135 Adams Street, Chicago.

TELEGRAPHY

LEARN TELEGRAPHY—CALLS FOR OUR graduates far exceed supply. Operated by and under supervision of R. R. Officials. Railroad wires in school. Positions secured. Free for expenses. Catalogue free. National Telegraph Institute, Dept. K, Cincinnati, O., Philadelphia, Pa., Memphis, Tenn., Davenport, Ia., Columbia, S.C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"DOLLARS & SENSE" FREE. COL. HUNTER'S great book free with Advertisers Magazine one year at 50 cents. For business men who advertise. Best "Ad-School" in existence. Sample magazine free. Advertisers Magazine, 731 Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MAKE MONEY OPERATING OUR NEW Vending Machines. They earn 300%. Only a small investment needed to start earning handsome income. Write quick for plan. Caille, Detroit, Mich.

BUSINESS BOOK FREE: TELLS HOW YOU can secure the actual working plans, money-making systems, schemes and short cuts of 112 great, big, business men—to increase your salary—to boost your profits. Write now. System, Dept. C-4, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

START A COLLECTION AGENCY. BIG money, unlimited field, no capital needed. We teach you the secrets of collecting money and how to start spare time. Write today for free printers and new plan. American Collection Service, 51 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

INCORPORATE IN WEST VIRGINIA. CHARTER liberal. Cost small. Members exempt from Corporate debts. No public statements. No office required in the State. Laws and particulars free. The Incorporating & Investment Co., Box 243-F, Parkersburg, West Va.

FOR SALE. CONTROLLING INTEREST. Planning mill. Excellent opportunity—\$5,000 to \$15,000 required. Also other profitable Florida investments. W. C. Warrington & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

HIGH MONEY OPERATING OR SELLING OUR combined "Crystals" Penny or Nickel Vending Machines. New idea. Lawful. Fine side line. Territory granted. Crystal Vending Co., C. Monypeny Bldg., Columbus, O.

ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kusion Komfort Shoe Co., Dept. WW-10, Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

LEARN MORE AND EARN MORE. WE teach Business Correspondence, Law, Engineering, Accounting, Oratory. 150 courses. Noted teachers. Low cost. Easy payments. Ask for catalog 15. Name course wanted. Intercontinental University, Washington, D.C.

CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES ARE PAID well for every examination season; expert advice. Sample questions and Booklet 4 describing positions, and easiest and quickest way to secure them free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D.C.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

\$10 TO \$18 BUYS MADE-TO-MEASURE SUIT; style, fit and satisfaction assured. 60 woolen samples. Fall styles, and 35 fashion cuts to select from, sent free. Any one of your family can take measures. Homebuyers Tailoring Co., 207-213 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

ALL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES RESHARP- ened, sterilized, better than new, 2c each and return postage. Send your address for our convenient mailing wrapper. Keenedge Co., 239 Keenedge Building, Chicago.

WANTED—MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE, and take positions waiting our graduates; few weeks completes. Write Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Omaha, New Orleans, Atlanta, Dallas or San Antonio, Tex.

AUTOMOBILES, and SUNDRIES

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES OF EVERY DE- scription. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Coils, Batteries and, in fact, everything for a Motor Car at prices that no other house can compete with. Catalogue Free on request. Reference any Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank. Centaur Motor Co., 55 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

VICTOR HAND-FORGED AUTOMOBILES. Fourth Annual Cat. now ready, describing Air and Water-cooled cars, 14 to 24 H.P., in Solid and Pneumatic tires. Prices, \$450 up. Victor Auto. Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

3 NEW IMPROVED TYPES OF WIND shields—adapted to all cars—\$35.00 to \$50.00. Descriptive material on request. Also makers of London Tops. London Auto Supply Co., 1232 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

EXCHANGE

WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES ON our list. Would you like to exchange? Has article you don't want for something you do? Write for plan. Universal Exchange, 602 Baltimore Bldg., Chicago.

BUILDING MATERIALS

INNER BOND STEEL BAR FOR CONCRETE reinforcement. Has exclusive features. Most economical to use. If interested write for full particulars. Address Patentee and Wholesale Distributor, Arthur Priddle, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

FINANCIAL

ABSOLUTELY SAFE 6% BONDS. WE SELL strictly safe Oklahoma School, County, Municipal and Trust Improvement Bonds. We pay 4% on deposits. Guaranteed by State Laws of Oklahoma, Cap. \$200,000. Write for Bond Circular All. Oklahoma Trust Co., Muskogee, Okla.

PATENTS

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, DESIGNS AND Copyrights. Booklet containing full information furnished on request. Langdon Moore (formerly Examiner U. S. Patent Office), 900 F Street, Washington, D.C.

PATENTS. BOOKS FREE. RATES REASON- able. Highest references. I procure patents that protect. Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. OUR THREE books for inventors mailed on receipt of six cents postage. R.S. & A. B. Lacey, Rooms 19 to 29 Pacific Bldg., Washington, D.C. Established 1869.

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, PATENT Lawyers, Washington, D.C., Box B. Est'd 47 years. Booklet free. Highest references. Best service. Terms moderate. Be careful in selecting an attorney. Write us.

BALDWIN & WIGHT, 925 GRAND PLACE, Washington, D.C. Patents and Trade Marks. Refer by permission to clients of 20 years' standing. Send for booklet and list of patents secured by us. Est. 1859.

REAL ESTATE

CALIFORNIA

\$5 PER MONTH WILL BUY YOU A BEAU- tiful ocean-view residence site in the suburbs of sunny San Diego, Southern California's most delightful home place. Most rapidly developing city on the Coast. Absolutely safe, remunerative proposition from thoroughly reliable company. Write today for free illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, Cal.

KANSAS

FOR SALE. CASH ONLY CONSIDERED. Worthing investigation. Tracts 640 acres and upward. Central Kansas. First class investment. Want you to look up and over. L. C. Walbridge, Russell, Kansas.

MASSACHUSETTS

MORTGAGEE'S SALE: FORECLOSED PROP- erty. Splendid opportunity to secure high grade Real Estate at right prices for investment. Write for particulars. J. B. Lewis, 101 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

PUT YOUR MONEY IN A NEW COUNTRY. Unusual opportunities for the farmer, merchant, professional and working man, in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, along the Pacific Coast of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Homeseekers' excursions to the Dakotas and Montana, November 3 and 17. \$25 round trip from Chicago to Lemmon, S. D.; Hettinger, Bowman and Marmarth, N. D.; and Mildred, Montana. \$26.30 round trip to Terry, Mont.; \$28.60 round trip to Miles City, Mont.; \$30 round trip to Musselshell, Roundup, Lavinia, Harlowton, Moore and Lewistown, Mont. Folders from F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

NEW YORK

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.—FOR RENT TO cultured people. Artistic furnished house, stable, five acres; ten minutes from station; \$3,000. Box 63, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

TEXAS

THE NEW CALIFORNIA, TEN ACRE TRACTS and up—Rio Grande Valley—Gulf Coast—rich old California land in Texas at Texas prices. Rates anywhere that is grown in California, 1500 miles nearer the markets, 42% less freight rate, 400 miles South, 3 to 6 weeks earlier season, higher, dryer coast elevation, cooler in summer, warmer in winter, cheaper irrigation, 26 inches rainfall. Easy terms, special cars to lands, low rates. Magazine, maps, plans free. Walter S. Ayres, Vice President, 705 Postal Telegraph Building, Chicago.

IF TAFT WINS OR BRYAN IS ELECTED, we shall add 10% to the value of our \$30 per acre North Texas lands. Buy now and make the profit. One crop pays whole cost of 160 acres. Ask for our North Texas booklet. Texas Farm Land Co., 277 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

WASHINGTON

A YEARLY INCOME FROM APPLES! YOU can have it from a 10 acre irrigated tract in Washington. Particulars free. The Palouse Irrigation & Power Company, Department K, Seattle.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF FAMOUS PER- sons bought and sold. Send for Price List. Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, Publisher "The Collector," one dollar a year.

HOTELS AND TRAVEL

FALL TOURS TO EUROPE, ITALY, RIVIERA, Sicily, Paris, London, Nov. 21, 28, Dec. 8. All expenses \$435 and up. Thos. Cook & Son, 245 Broadway, New York.

STAMPS, COINS, and CURIOS

CERTAIN COINS WANTED. I PAY FROM \$1 to \$60 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. Vonbergen, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

THREE SAMPLES OF OUR CHOICEST SILK Embossed Floral Motto and Birthday cards in beautiful colors, if you send stamp for postage; 10 cards and 3 months' subscription for 10 cents; 30 cards and one year's subscription 25 cents. Household, 25 Copper Building, Topeka, Kans.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG OF PROFES- sional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Minstrel Jokes, Illustrated Pantomimes, Monologues, Recitations, Make-up Materials, etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, 16 Ann St., N.Y.

COLLECTIONS

"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN everybody," and thereby we collect more honest debts than any agency in the world. Write for our Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

LITERARY

TO AUTHORS SEEKING A PUBLISHER. WE mfr., publish and sell books direct to authors, eliminating all middlemen's profits. Ref.: Nassau Bank, N.Y., also any large pub. house. W. G. Hewitt, 24 Vandewater St., N.Y.

TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

REBUILT TYPEWRITERS—REMINGTONS, \$15 and up; Smith Premiers, \$15 up; Densmore, \$12 up; Yost, \$14. All in perfect condition, will last for years. Plummer & Williams, 901-145 Van Buren St., Chicago.

REBUILT TYPEWRITERS OF ALL MAKES from \$25 to \$75. Over 1,000 from which to select. See them before ordering. Branches in all large cities. Full information sent on request. A. W. M. Co., 345 Broadway, New York.

BIRDS, POULTRY, DOGS, and PETS

DO YOU REALLY CARE FOR DOGS? IF SO, why not send stamp for "Dog Culture" to Spratt's Patent, Jefferson Street, Newark, N. J., and learn all about feeding, appliances, etc.

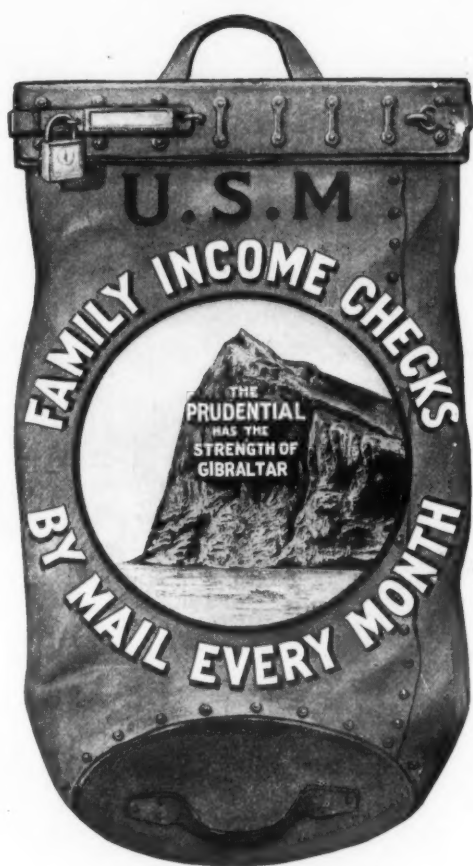
MACHINERY, ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

TOOLS! TOOLS!! WE KEEP ALL KINDS and sell them on the closest possible margins. Get our new-priced catalogue, sent free to readers of Collier's. Montgomery & Co., 105 Fulton Street, New York City.

SEEDS and PLANTS

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME OR OFFICE BY using our splendid plants—Palms, Ferns, and hosts of fine things. Greatest variety in the South. Catalog free. Royal-Palm Nurseries, Ocala, Florida.

Leave Your Wife a Regular Income Through the New Monthly Income Policy OF The PRUDENTIAL



The one kind of Life Insurance Policy of most practical value to the woman. It is the policy your wife would like, because it gives her a sure monthly income such as she is accustomed to.

This is the Safest Way

to leave your life insurance. The monthly income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. The principal cannot be lost. All worry about safe investment is eliminated.

THE COST IS LOW

Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can Provide an Absolute Guaranteed Income for Your Family. Address Dept. Y.

Cost of insuring an Income of \$10 per month for 20 years.

AT AGE OF INSURED	COST PER YEAR
25 - -	\$29.41
30 - -	33.47
35 - -	38.76
40 - -	45.76
45 - -	55.20
50 - -	68.11

Other monthly sums up to \$500 in proportion.

The income is paid for not less than 20 years.

The income can be made payable for life of beneficiary at slightly higher cost.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

COLUMBIA

Double-Disc Records



Fit any Disc Machine and Double its Value



(10-inch, 65 cents) **65 cents** (12-inch, \$1.00)

Be sure you see a Columbia dealer—or write us. Get the new catalog of Columbia Double-Disc Records—perfect surface, finest tone, longest life: includes the famous "Fonotopia" series of Grand Opera Double-Disc Records. 39 Grand Opera stars in the list, 59 operas represented.—over 200 Grand Opera selections, including 22 by Bonci, the world's greatest tenor.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., GEN'L,
Tribune Building, New York

STORES OR DEALERS IN ALL CITIES

MAIN STORES—35 West 23d St., New York; 88 Wabash Ave., Chicago; 953 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.
Headquarters for Canada: 107 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as a Columbia Graphophone (\$20 to \$200). Get a catalog!

New machines for old! Any Columbia dealer will make a liberal allowance for your machine toward the purchase of a new Columbia Graphophone. Ask the dealer or write us.

Wanted—Exclusive Columbia dealers with exclusive rights, where we are not now represented. Write for particulars